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COWBOY STAR OF THE MOVIES



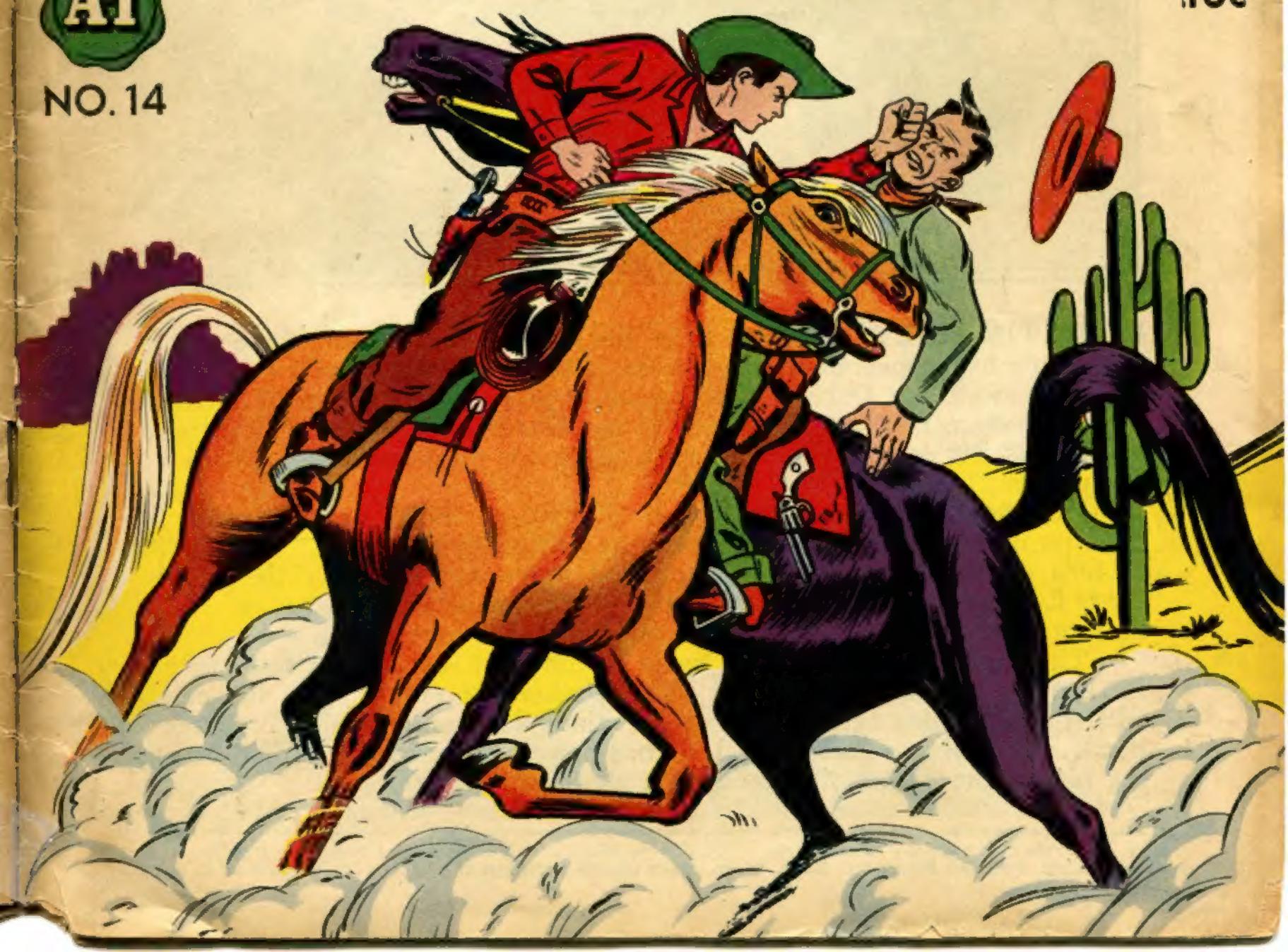
TIM HOLT

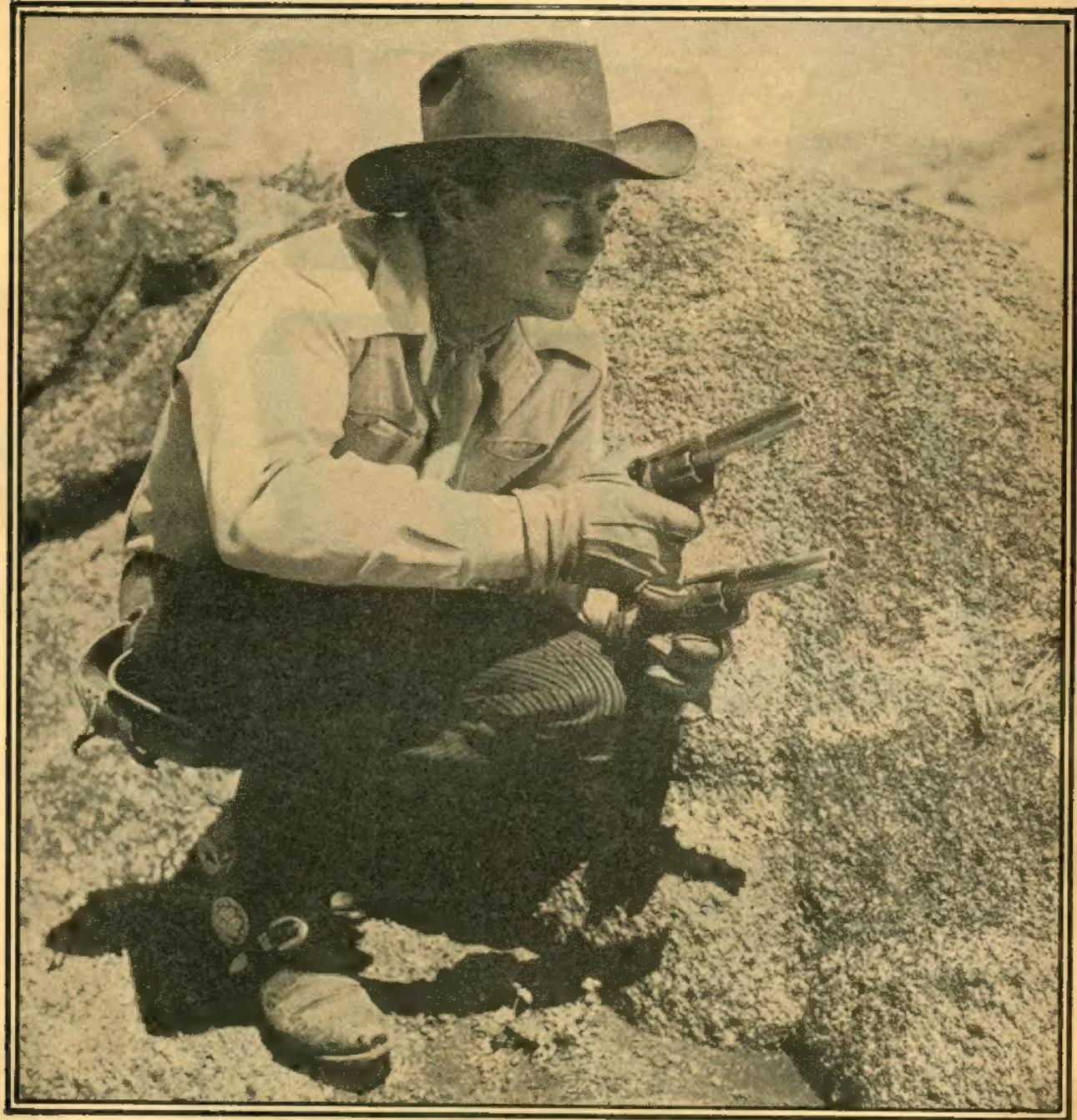
WESTERN ADVENTURES



NO. 14

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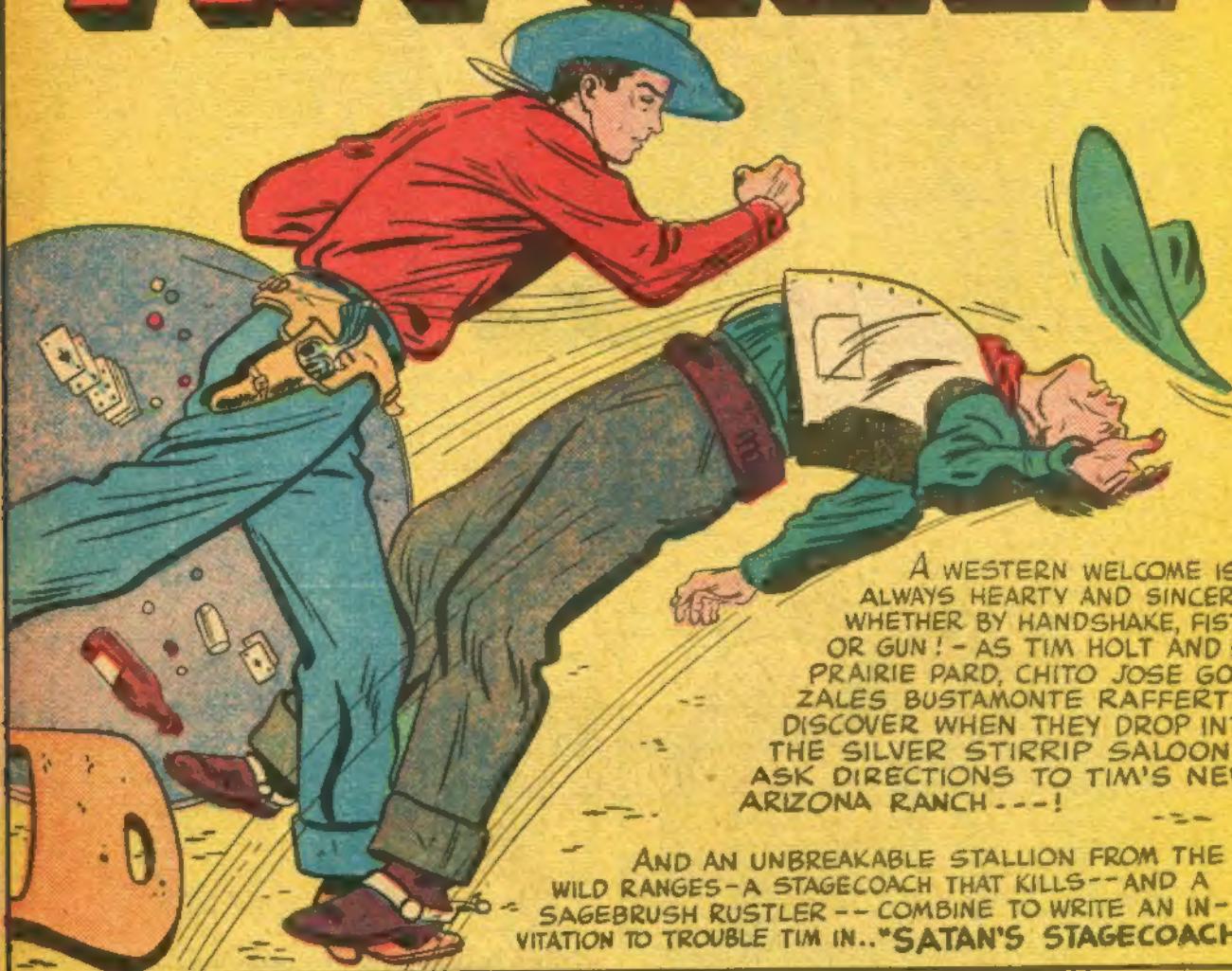


MEET TIM HOLT! Destined to be the biggest cowboy star of the movies, Tim Holt has appeared in thirty-nine pictures, among them being *Stagecoach*, *Laddie*, *My Darling Clementine*, *Under the Tonto Rim*, *Wild Horse Mesa*, *Western Heritage*, *Treasure of the Sierra Madre*, and *The Arizona Ranger*. Right now, he is on location, shooting more exciting western adventure thrillers.

Although Tim Holt was born in Hollywood, he is as much removed from its night life and its glitter as if he resided on another planet. To RKO Radio's outdoor star, the film capital is just his workshop. His personal life is lived away from the hectic whirl of the cinema city and, between films, he tours the country with a rodeo of which he is part owner.

Tim's vacations are always spent in the outdoors, fishing and hunting. He lives on the ocean front near Malibu, where he swims daily and romps with the Labrador retrievers that he raises. He has recently purchased a handsome palomino horse, which he has named "Lightning." You'll be seeing him in the Tim Holt movies in your local theatres.

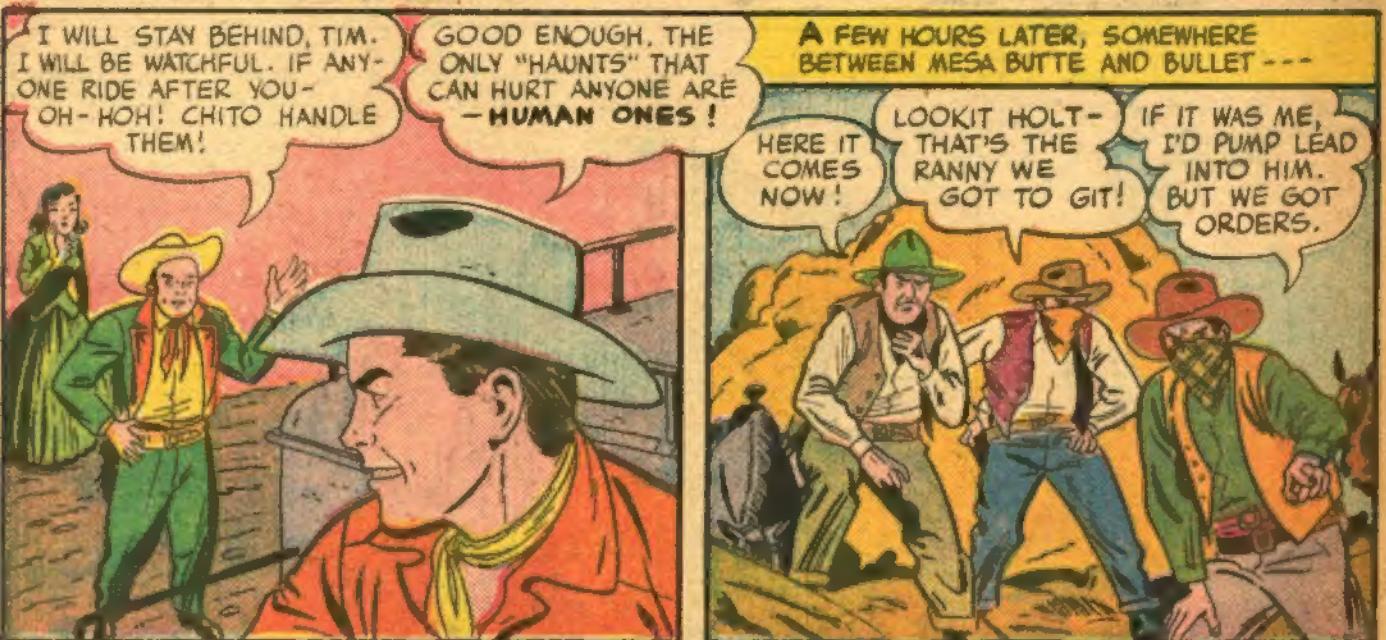
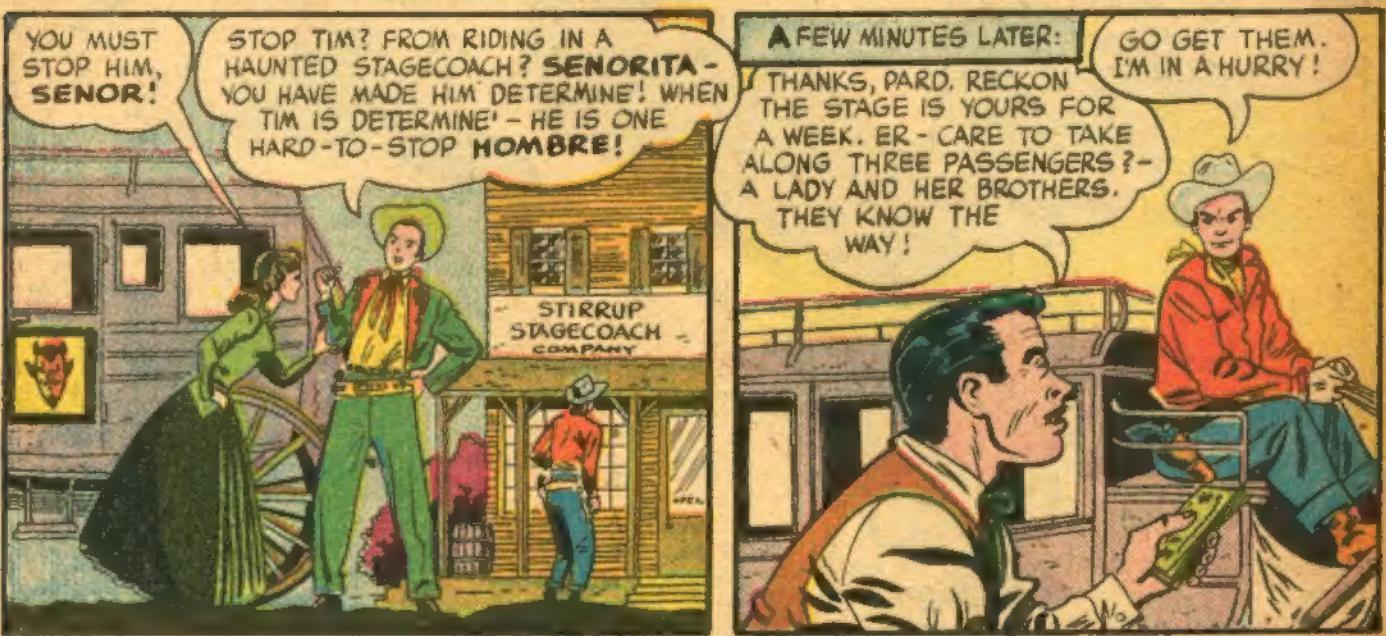
TIM HOLT

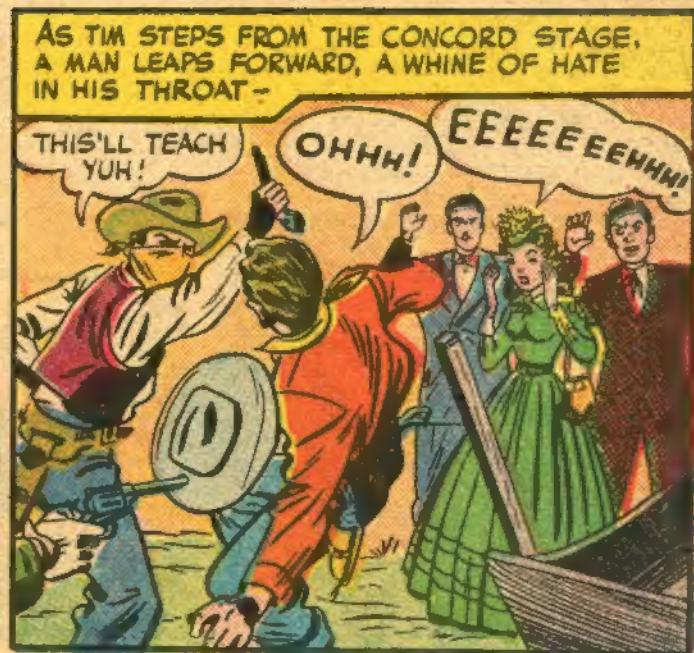


A WESTERN WELCOME IS
ALWAYS HEARTY AND SINCERE -
WHETHER BY HANDSHAKE, FIST
OR GUN! - AS TIM HOLT AND HIS
PRAIRIE PARD, CHITO JOSE GON-
ZALES BUSTAMONTE RAFFERTY,
DISCOVER WHEN THEY DROP INTO
THE SILVER STIRRIP SALOON TO
ASK DIRECTIONS TO TIM'S NEW
ARIZONA RANCH---!

AND AN UNBREAKABLE STALLION FROM THE
WILD RANGES - A STAGECOACH THAT KILLS -- AND A
SAGEBRUSH RUSTLER -- COMBINE TO WRITE AN IN-
VITATION TO TROUBLE TIM IN.. "SATAN'S STAGECOACH!"







SLOWLY THE SUN LOWERS BEYOND THE OCOTILLA-DOTTED HORIZON. THE COOL TWILIGHT THAT PRECEDES THE COLD NIGHT SETS IN. AND THE FIGURE ON THE RED SANDS STIRS --- MOVES --- GROANS ---



RIBS ON FIRE --- LEGS HURT --- ARM FEELS BROKEN --- GOT TO GET HELP! CAN'T DIE OUT HERE ...



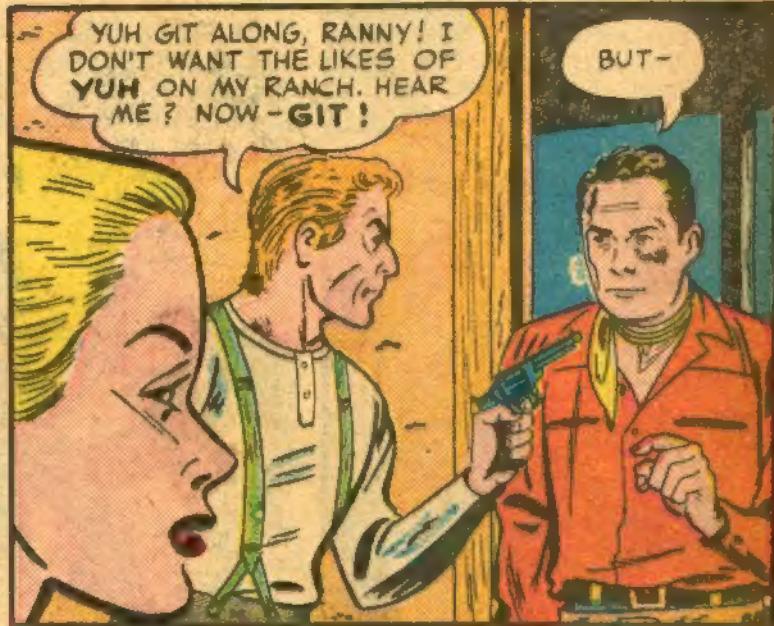
OHHHH - YOU !

PARDON ME, MA'AM. WONDER IF YOU'D MIND - MY BINDIN' UP MY WOUNDS --- ?



YUH GIT ALONG, RANNY! I DON'T WANT THE LIKES OF YUH ON MY RANCH. HEAR ME? NOW - GIT!

BUT -



SICK FROM THE INHUMAN BATTERING HE HAS TAKEN, TIM REELS ACROSS THE RANCH YARD ---

PSSSSST ! OVER HERE, CAP ! I'LL FIX YUH UP !

SO WEAK --- CAN JUST ABOUT MAKE IT !



THIS SECTION IS TOO HOT FOR YUH, CAP - YUH BETTER HIGHTAIL IT TO THE HIDEOUT. FOLKS AT THE LAZY K DON'T LIKE CATTLE RUSTLERS !

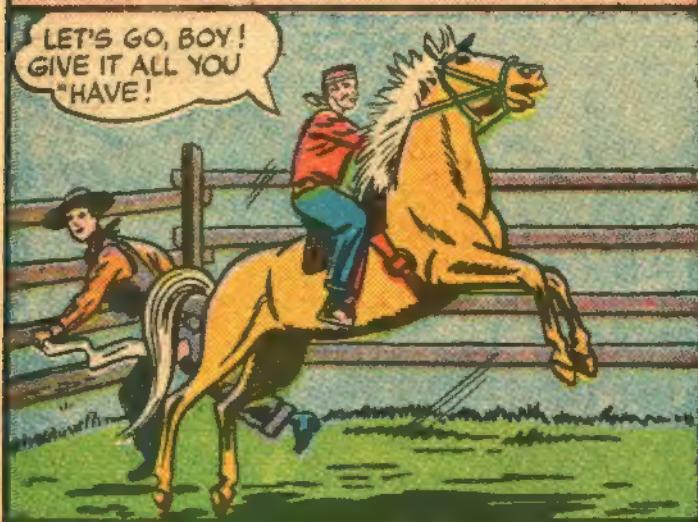
CATTLE RUSTLER? WHO - ME ?







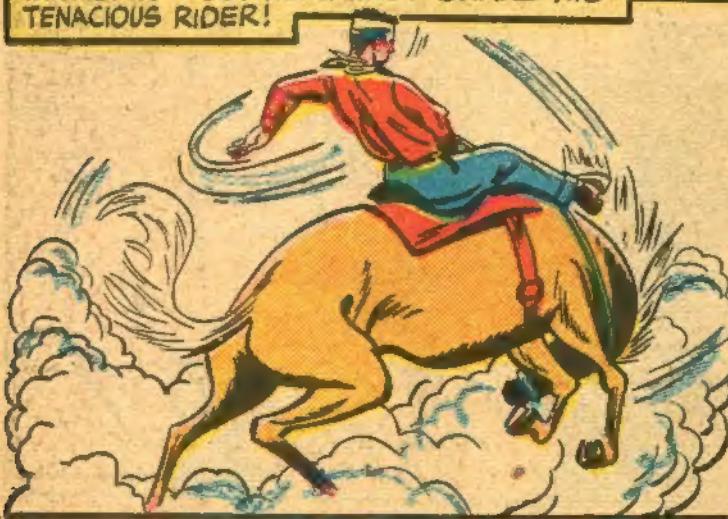
WITH THE AID OF THE WILD STALLION'S OWNER, A SADDLE IS THROWN ACROSS ITS BACK. AS TIM MOUNTS, A BLIND IS FASTENED, THEN PULLED FREE!



THE HORSE REARS AS TIM RIDES THE "HURRICANE DECK"!!



FOR TENSE, ACTION-PACKED MOMENTS THE MIGHTY STALLION BUCKS AND SUNFISHES! HE LANDS STIFF-LEGGED WITH JARRING IMPACT! HE TWISTS, TURNS IN MIDAIR — BUT HE CANNOT SHAKE HIS TENACIOUS RIDER!



AND THEN—

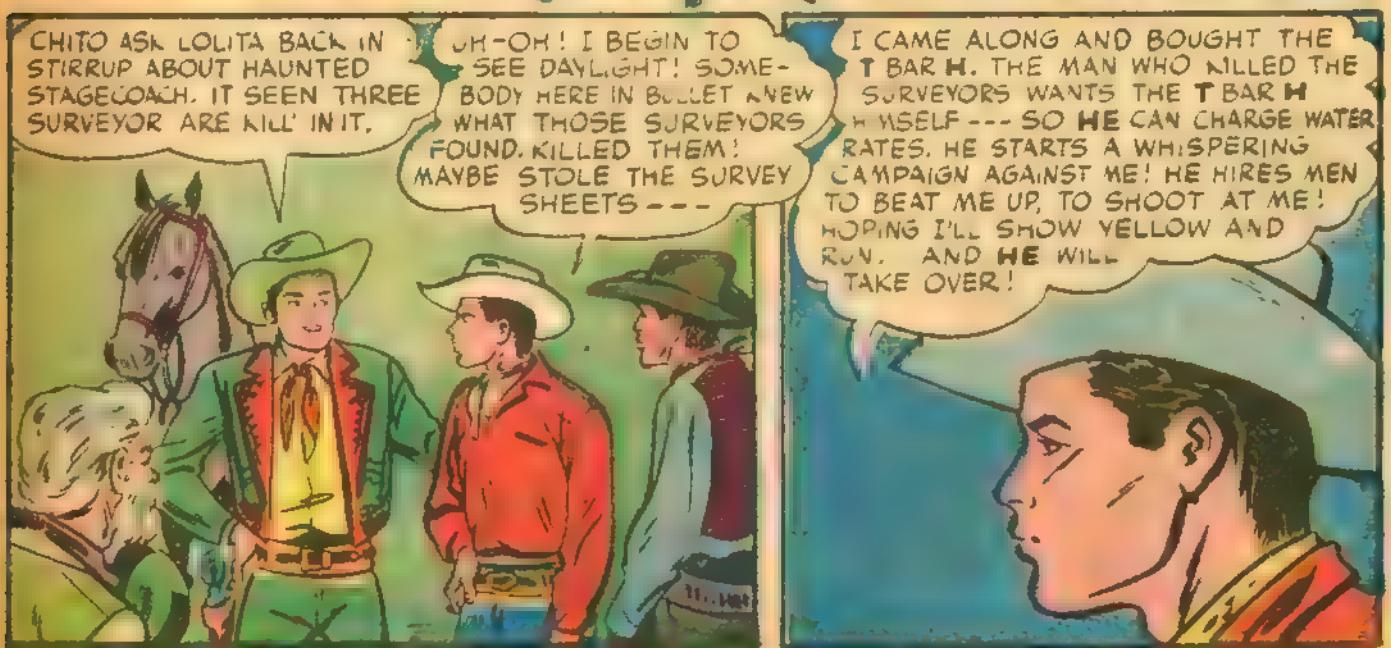
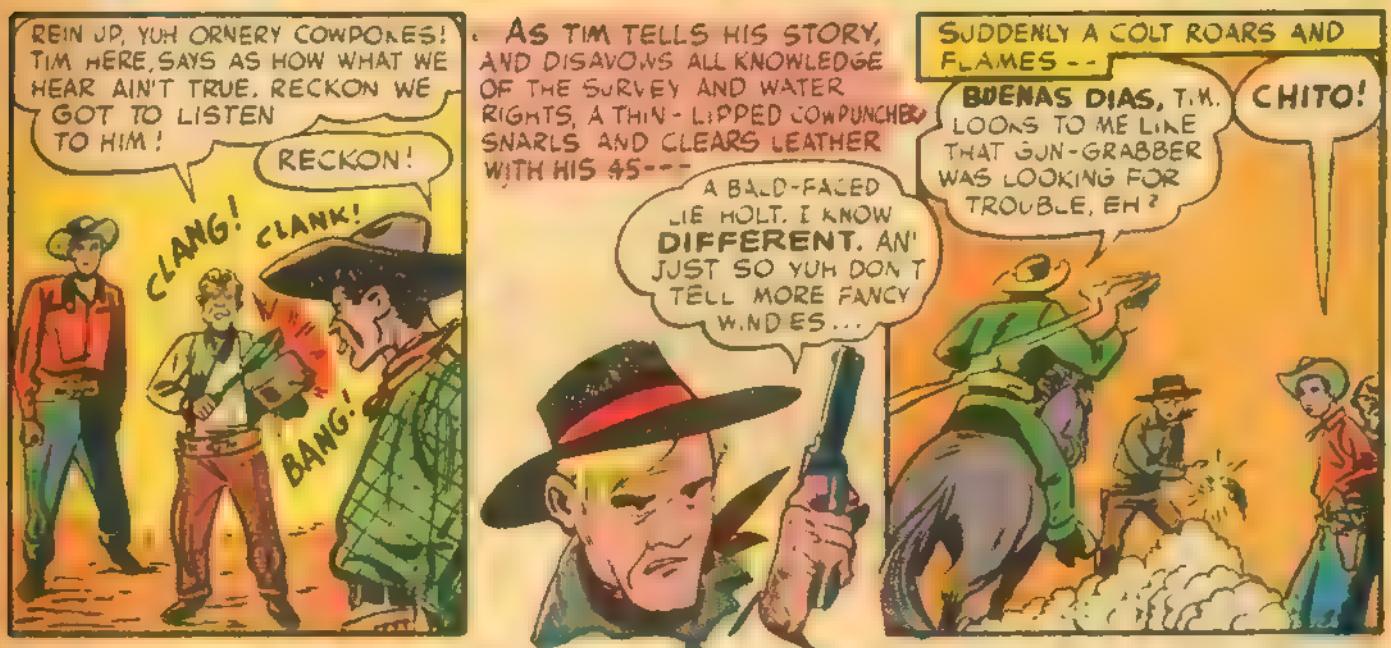
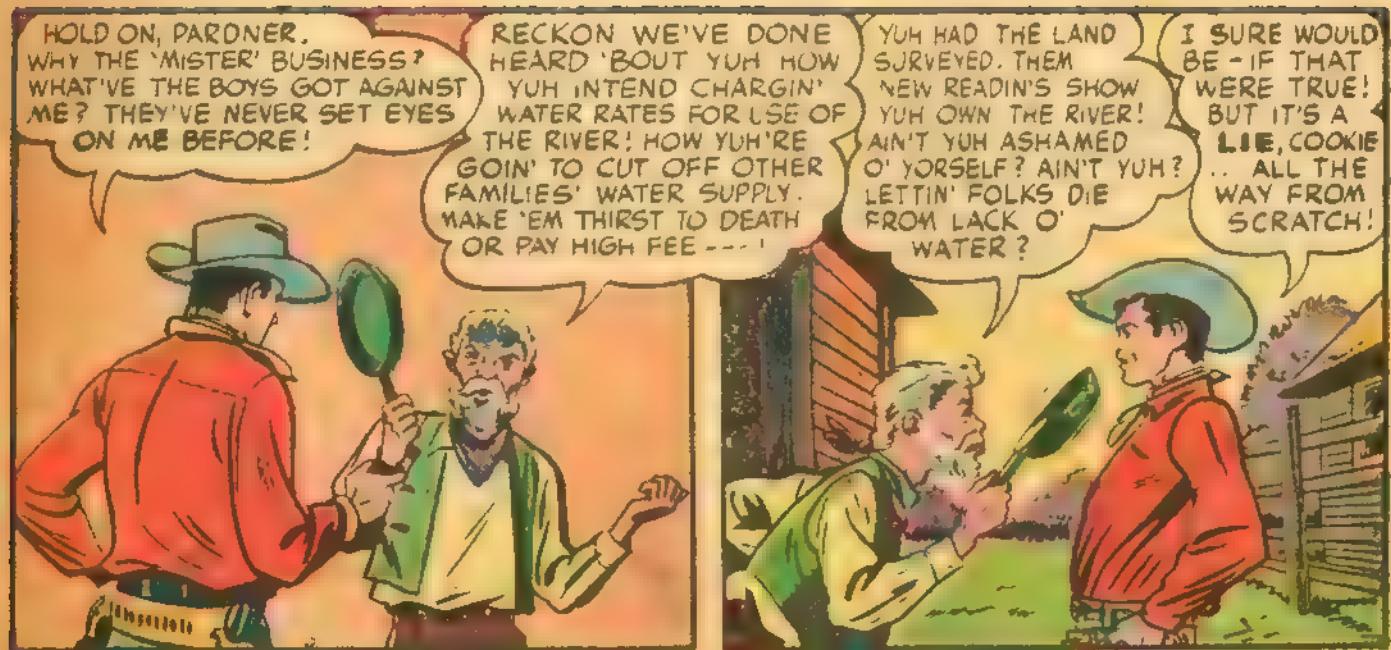
YOU'RE ONE SWEET HORSE, BOY!
I'D LIKE TO BUY YOU
FOR MY OWN!

RANNY, I'VE HAD TEXANS
AND MEXICANS TRY TO RIDE THAT CRITTER. SEEMS YUH'RE THE ONLY ONE ABLE TO STICK THE SADDLE WITH HIM. IT'LL BE A PLEASURE—
TO SELL HIM TO A REAL MAN!



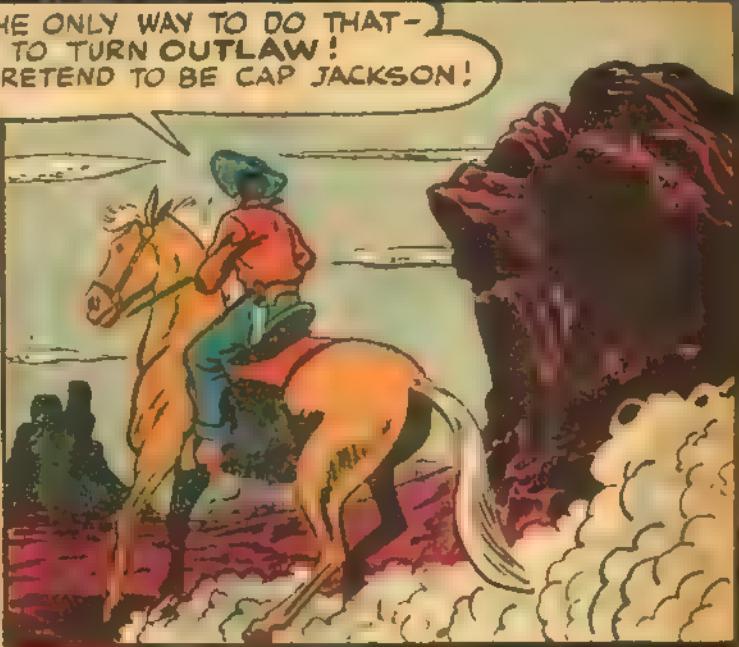
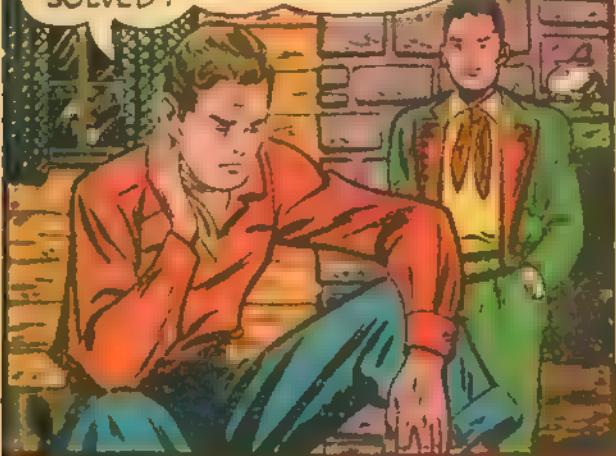






I'M GOING TO PLAY A LONE HAND. THERE'S JUST ONE CHANCE - A LONG CHANCE - BUT I HAVE TO TAKE IT. IF I CAN LEARN WHO'S IN BACK OF THE MEN WHO BEAT ME UP... WHO SHOT AT ME... I'LL HAVE THE CASE SOLVED!

THE ONLY WAY TO DO THAT - IS TO TURN OUTLAW! PRETEND TO BE CAP JACKSON!



TWO DAYS LATER, TIM AND LIGHTNING ARRIVE IN SIGHT OF THE OUTLAWS' MOUNTAIN HIDEOUT---

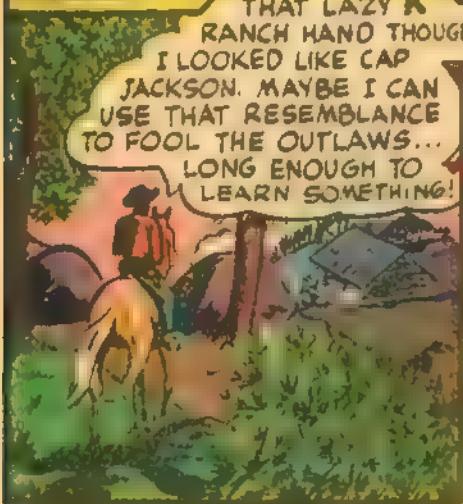
THAT LAZY RANCH HAND THOUGHT I LOOKED LIKE CAP JACKSON. MAYBE I CAN USE THAT RESEMBLANCE TO FOOL THE OUTLAWS... LONG ENOUGH TO LEARN SOMETHING!

WISH JACKSON WOULD HIGHTAIL IT HERE. I'M GETTIN' ANXIOUS TO MAKE A KILLIN' AND SASHAY OFF THIS RANGE!

WE'LL GET PAID OFF DOUBLE - BY THE MAN WHO HIRED US, AN' BY THE RANCH WE'RE GOIN' TO RUSTLE STEERS FROM!

AS TIM STRAINS FORWARD TO HEAR EVERY PRECIOUS WORD, A .45 GUN-BARREL IS JAMMED INTO HIS SPINE!

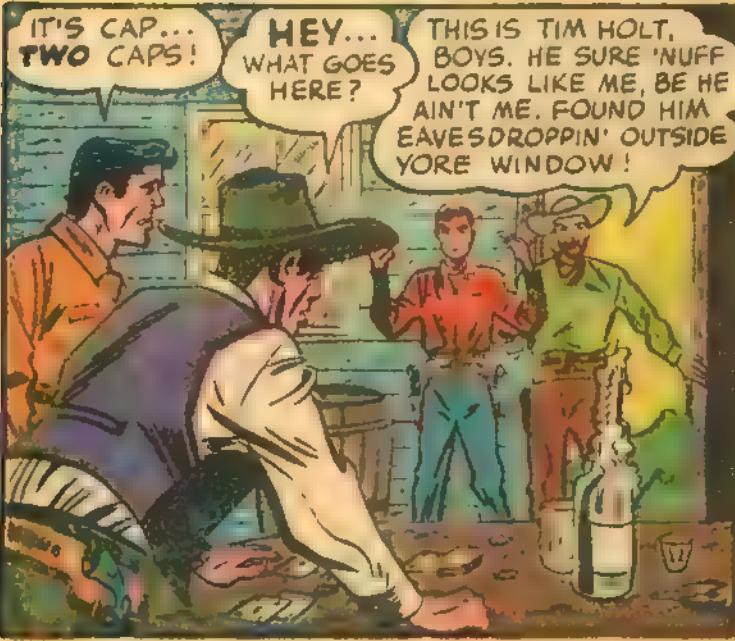
STRETCH FOR THE CLOUDS, STRANGER!



IT'S CAP... TWO CAPS!

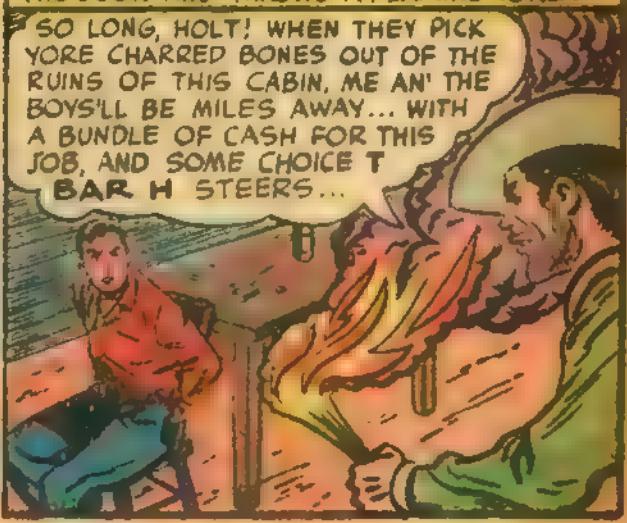
HEY... WHAT GOES HERE?

THIS IS TIM HOLT, BOYS. HE SURE 'NUFF LOOKS LIKE ME, BE HE AIN'T ME. FOUND HIM EAVESDROPPIN' OUTSIDE YORE WINDOW!



WORKING SWIFTLY, THE OUTLAW LEADER FASTENS TIM SECURELY TO A CHAIR WITH RAWHIDE THONGS. THEN HE BACKS TOWARD THE DOOR AND THROWS A FLAMING TORCH...

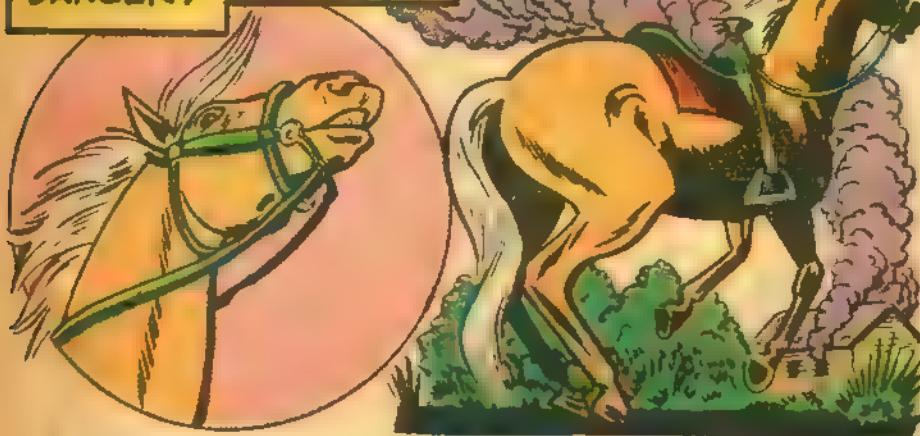
SO LONG, HOLT! WHEN THEY PICK YORE CHARRED BONES OUT OF THE RUINS OF THIS CABIN, ME AN' THE BOYS'LL BE MILES AWAY... WITH A BUNDLE OF CASH FOR THIS JOB, AND SOME CHOICE T BAR H STEERS...



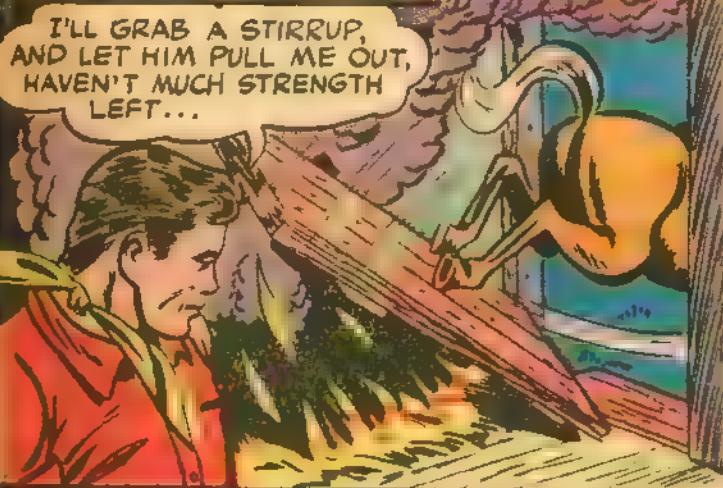
THE GREAT STALLION LIGHTNING SNIFFS SMOKE-FILLED AIR. RESTLESSLY HE PAWS THE PINE-NEELED FLOOR OF THE MOUNTAIN. DEEP IN HIS SAVAGE HEART HE KNOWS THE ONE MAN WHO HAS TAMED HIM - IS IN DANGER!

HE TAKES TWO STEPS AWAY FROM THE BURNING CABIN... AND HALTS! NERVOUSLY HE SNORTS --- THEN TROTS FORWARD...

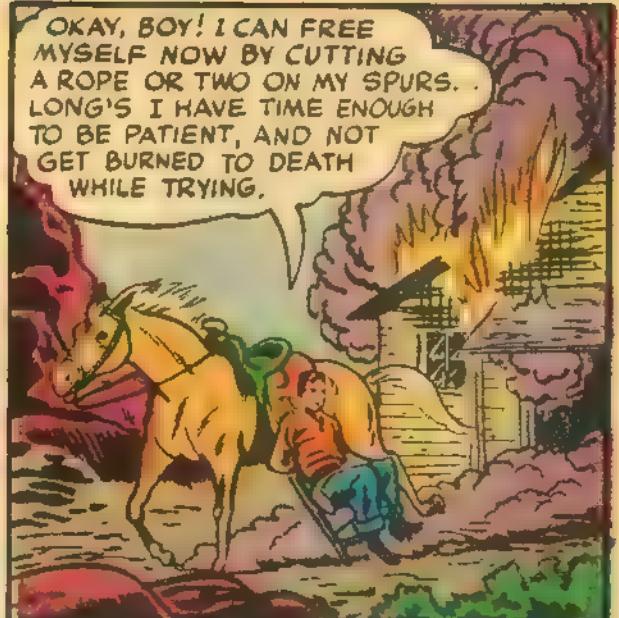
LIGHTNING! GOOD BOY... THE DOOR, LIGHTNING. THE DOOR: KICK IT IN!



AS THOUGH HE UNDERSTANDS HIS MASTER'S WORDS, THE MIGHTY STALLION REARS AND LASHES AT THE DOOR. TIM STAGGERS THROUGH A SHEET OF FLAME TO MEET HIM ...

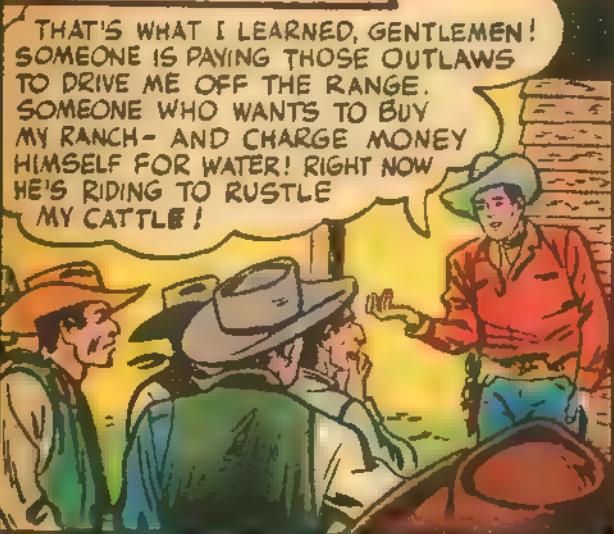


OKAY, BOY! I CAN FREE MYSELF NOW BY CUTTING A ROPE OR TWO ON MY SPURS. LONG'S I HAVE TIME ENOUGH TO BE PATIENT, AND NOT GET BURNED TO DEATH WHILE TRYING.



LESS THAN AN HOUR LATER, BEFORE A HASTILY CONVENED CITIZEN'S COMMITTEE OF BULLET TOWNSHIP ---

THAT'S WHAT I LEARNED, GENTLEMEN! SOMEONE IS PAYING THOSE OUTLAWS TO DRIVE ME OFF THE RANGE. SOMEONE WHO WANTS TO BUY MY RANCH - AND CHARGE MONEY HIMSELF FOR WATER! RIGHT NOW HE'S RIDING TO RUSTLE MY CATTLE!



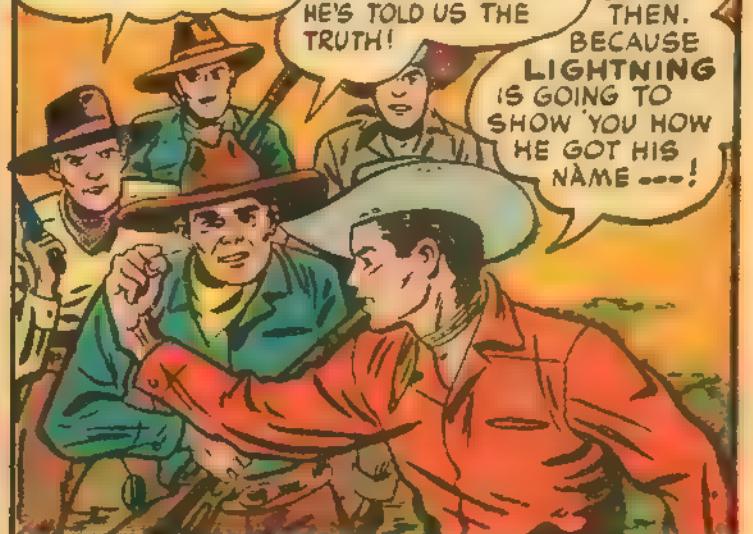
RECKON WE OWE HOLT A CHANCE TO PROVE HIS WORDS!

IF THERE ARE RUSTLERS ON HIS SPREAD, WE'LL KNOW HE'S TOLD US THE TRUTH!

GET YOUR FASTEST BRONCS THEN.

BECAUSE

LIGHTNING IS GOING TO SHOW YOU HOW HE GOT HIS NAME ---!



A WILD RIDE ACROSS THE PRAIRIE! A SUDDEN DESCENT
DOWN THE SIDE OF A COULEE.

THAT'S ONE OF THE
OUTLAWS NOW! THE
OTHERS MUST BE
AROUND HERE!

GIT
HIM!

IF THEY
DON'T
SURRENDER,
GUN 'EM
DOWN!

I WANT YOU
ALIVE, RANNY!

OHHHH!



WITH A FLIP OF HIS WRIST,
TIM SNAKES OUT HIS LARIAT.
IT LOOPS UNDER CAP JACK-
SON'S MOUNT ---

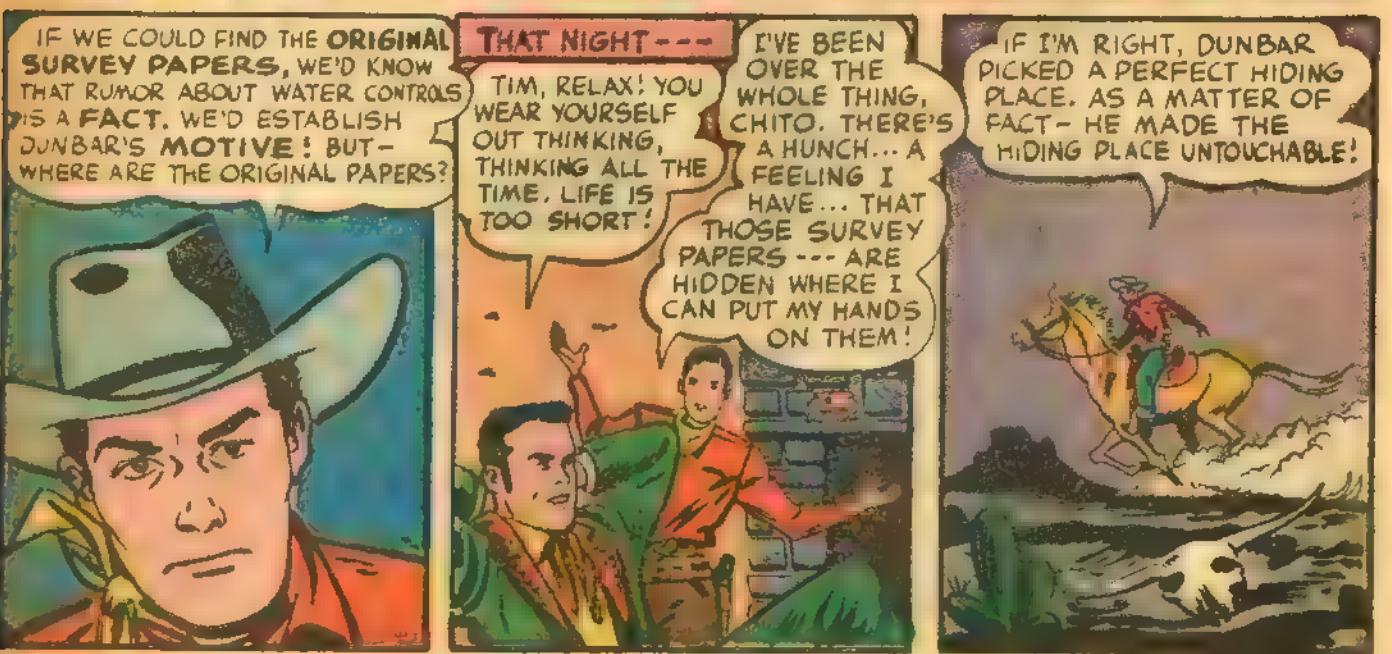
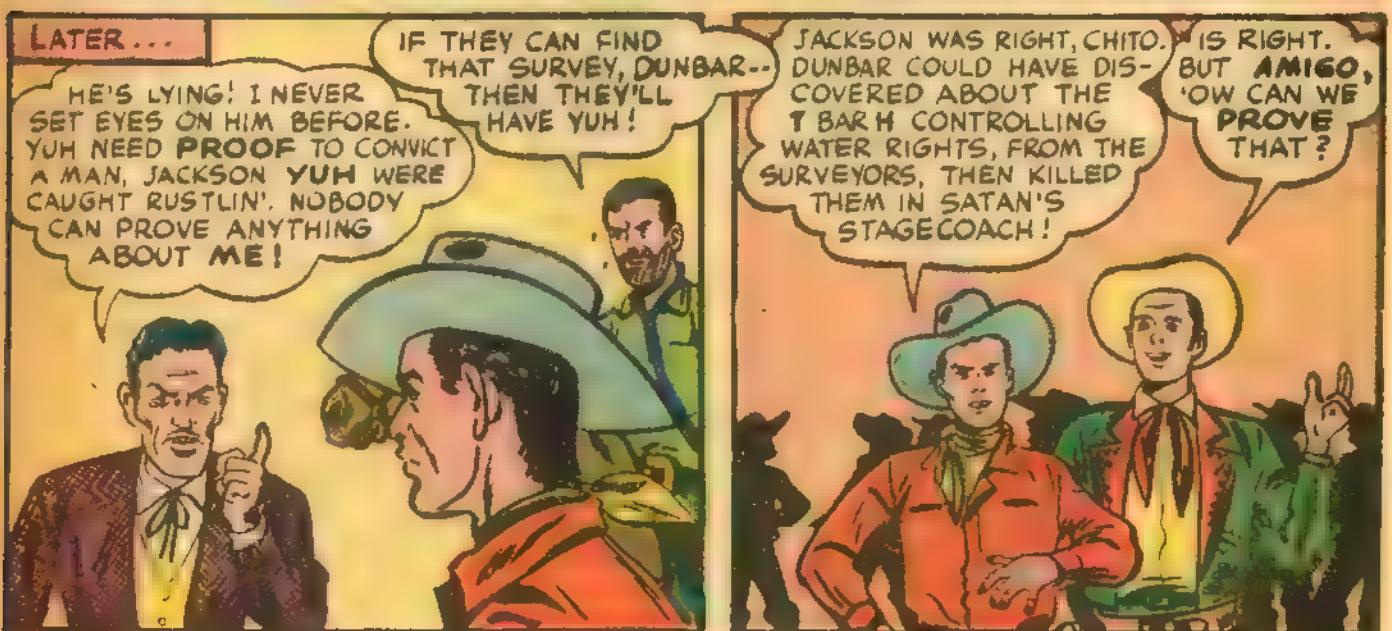
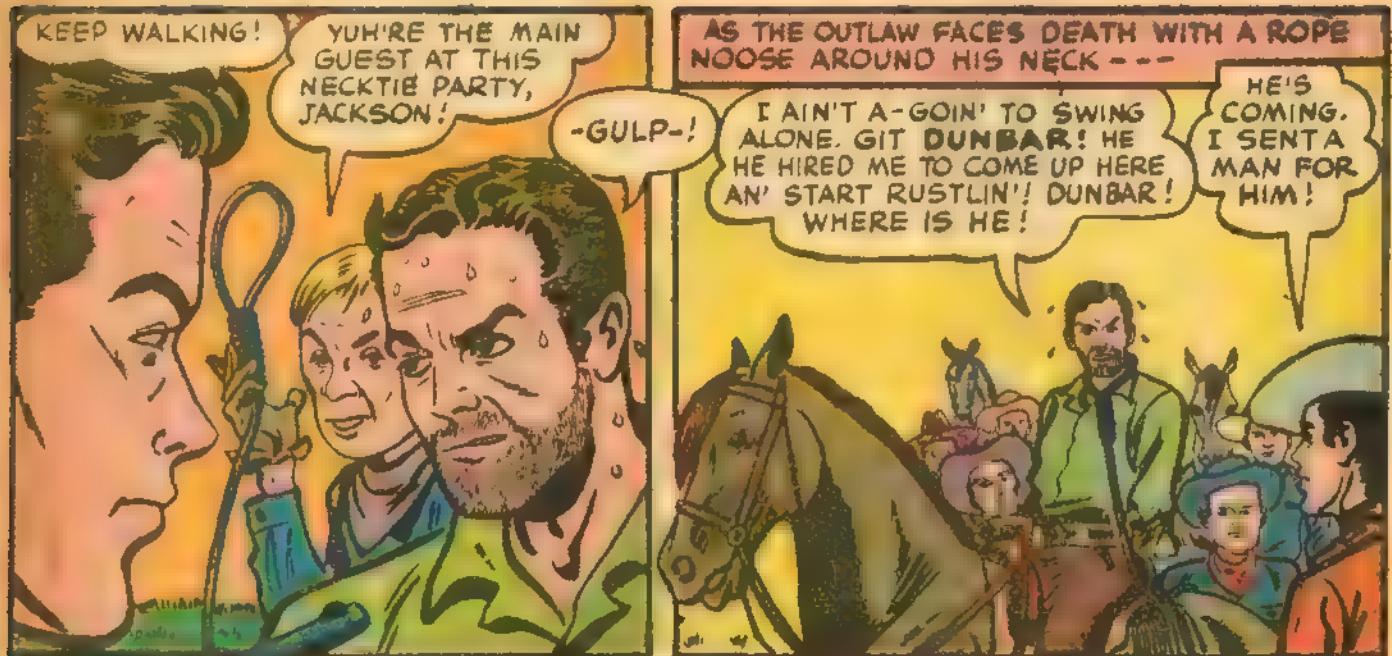


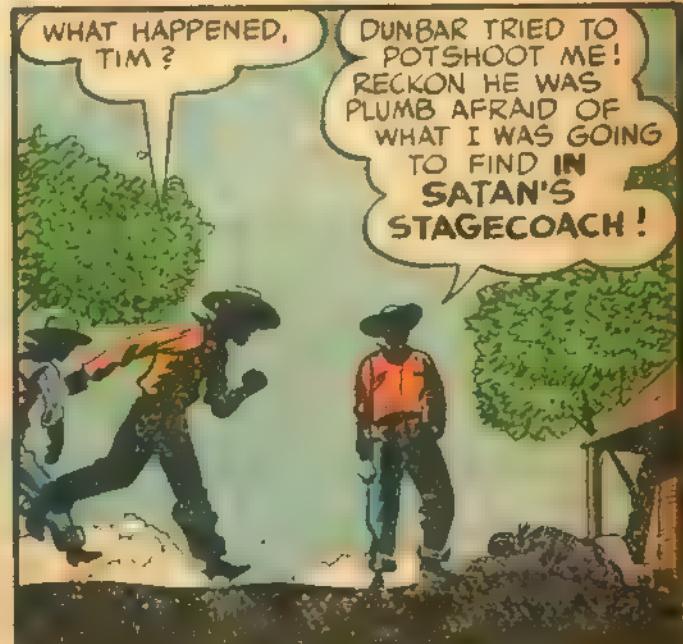
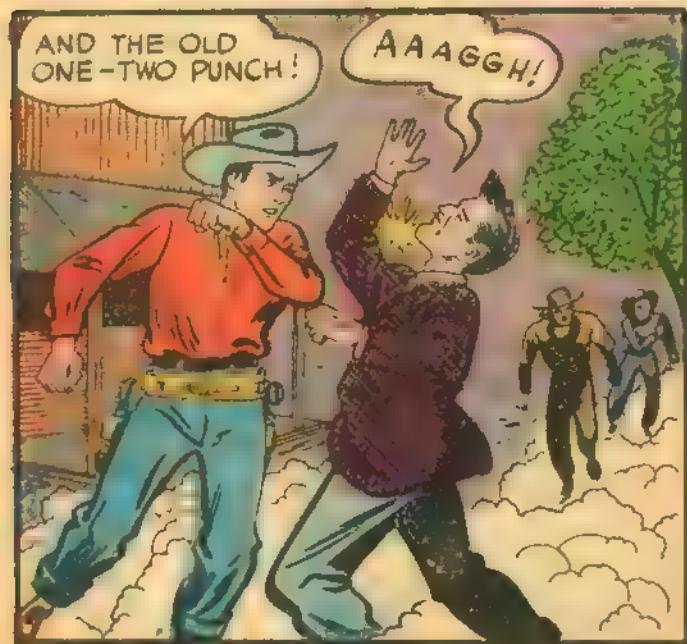
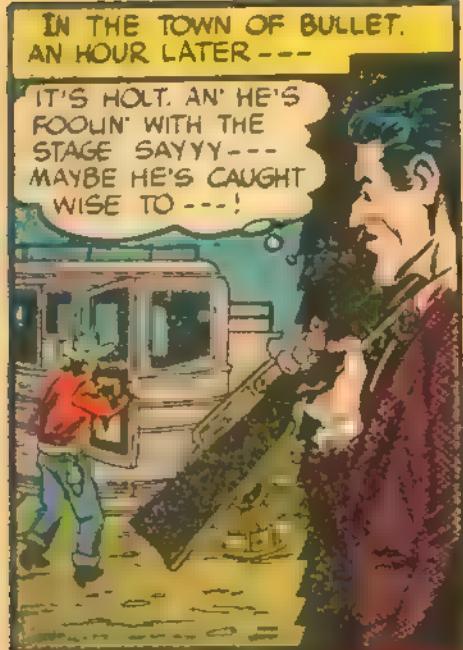
I WANT YOU ALIVE,
CAP!

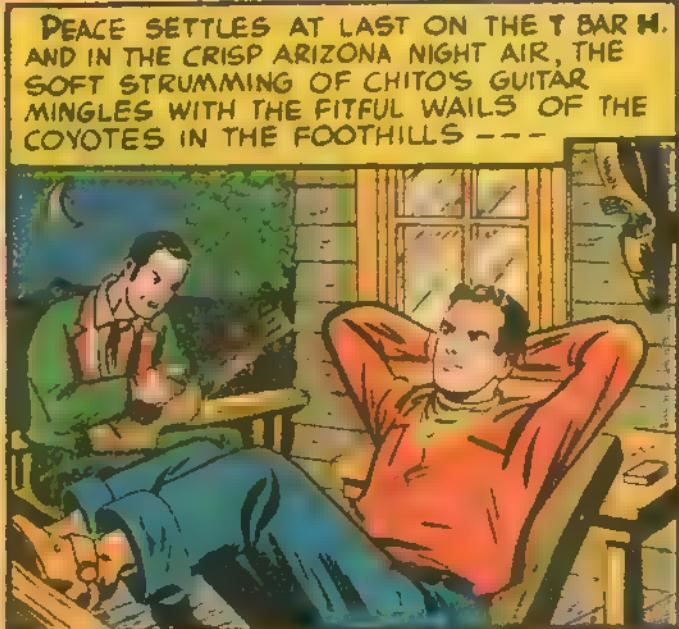
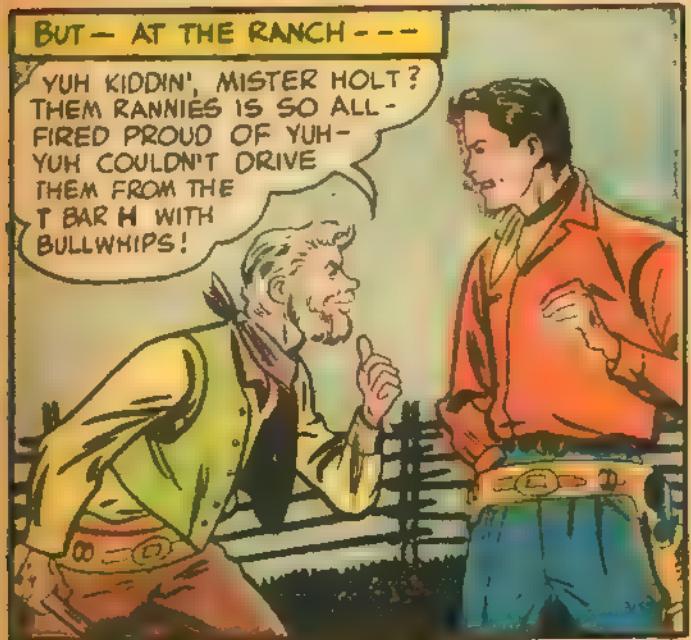
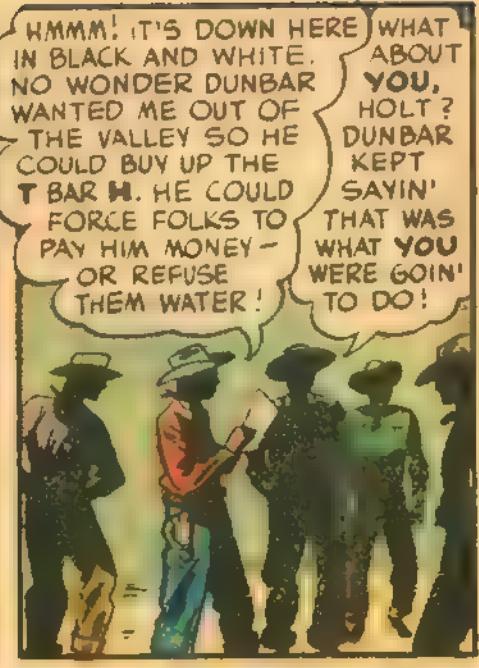
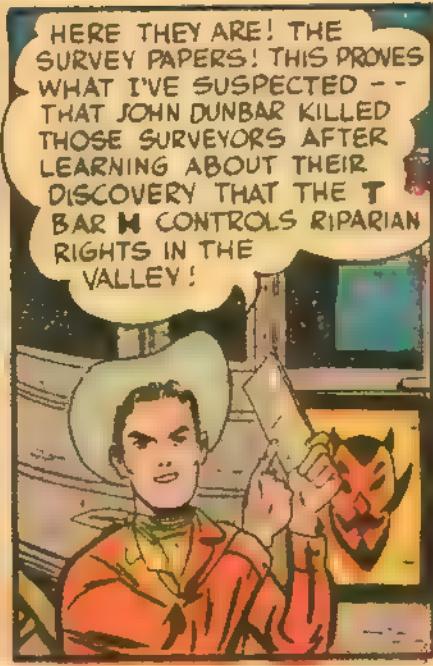
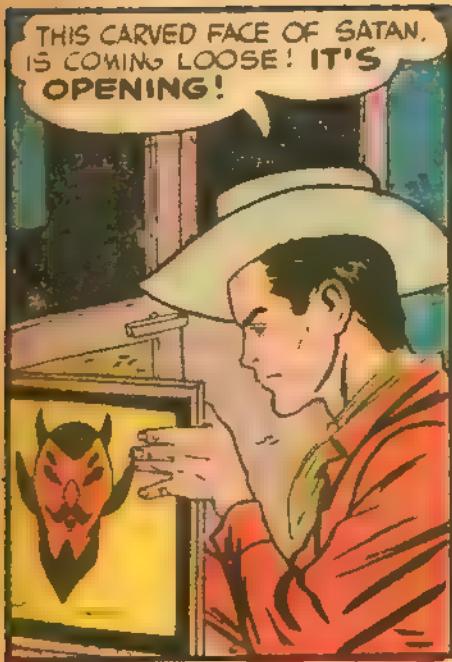
YUH'LL NEVER TAKE
ME, HOLT! I GOT A
BULLET MARKED WITH
YORE NAME!

IF IT'S THE ONE YOU
JUST FIRED, YOU MUST
HAVE SPELLED MY NAME
WRONG!





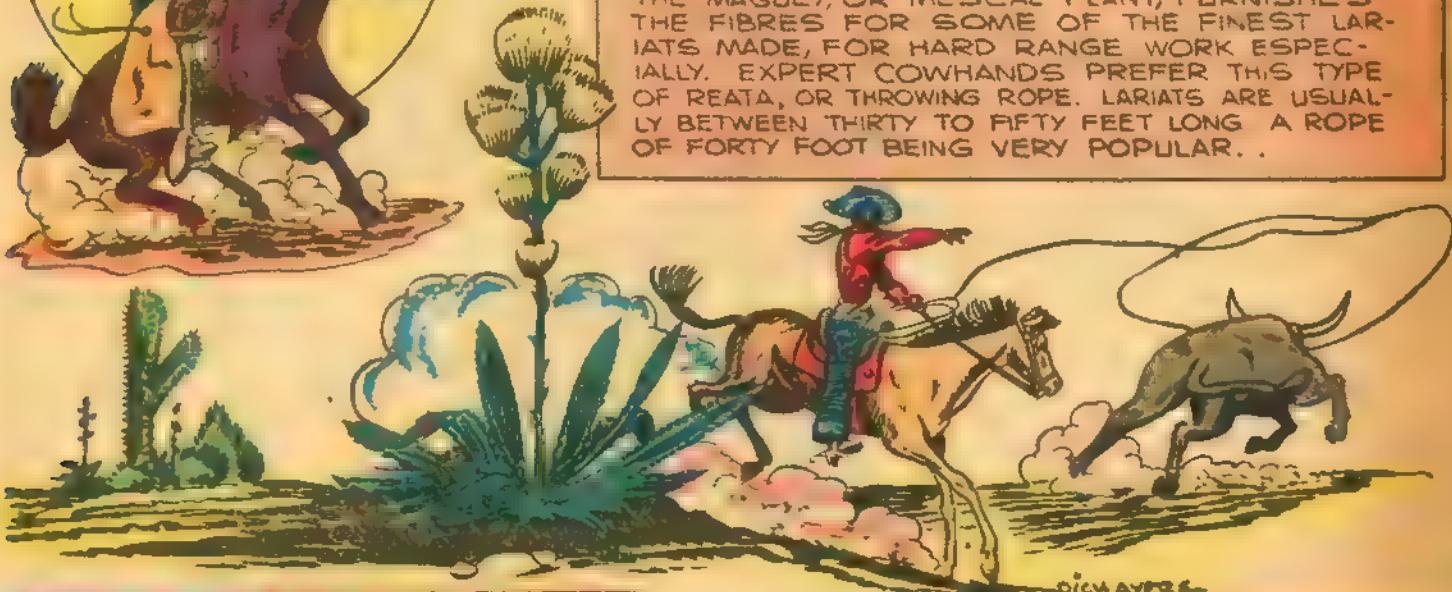




Tin Lotta's



THE MAGUEY, OR MESCAL PLANT, FURNISHES THE FIBRES FOR SOME OF THE FINEST LARIATS MADE, FOR HARD RANGE WORK ESPECIALLY. EXPERT COWHANDS PREFER THIS TYPE OF REATA, OR THROWING ROPE. LARIATS ARE USUALLY BETWEEN THIRTY TO FIFTY FEET LONG A ROPE OF FORTY FOOT BEING VERY POPULAR.

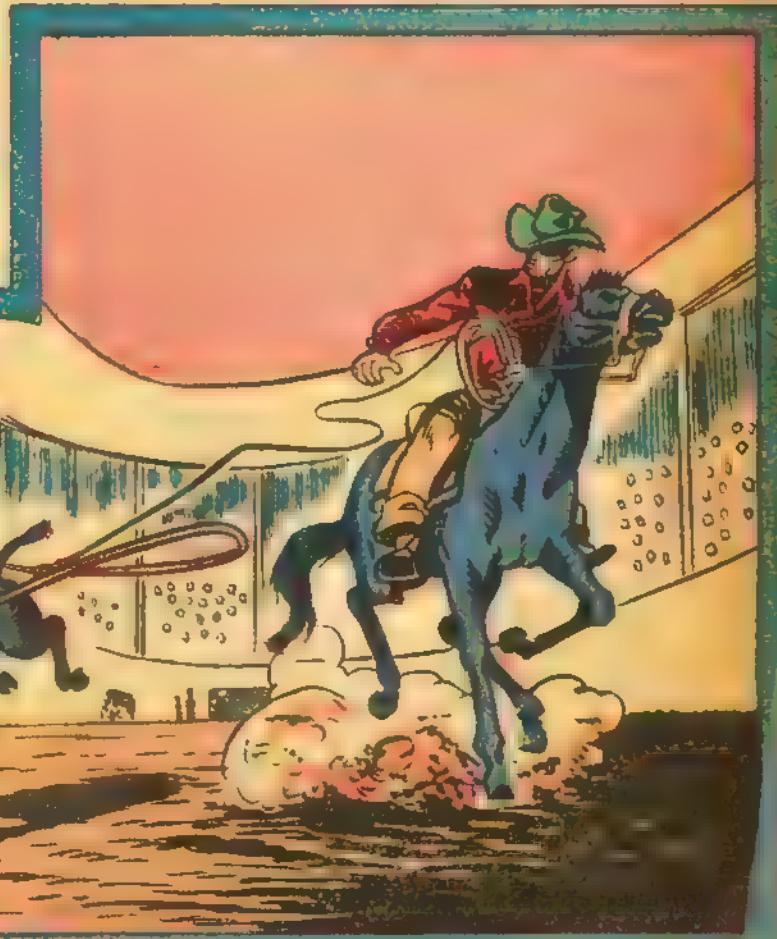


DICK AYERS

A 'DALLY' IS MADE BY WRAPPING THE END OF THE THROWING ROPE AROUND THE SADDLE HORN IN ORDER TO HOLD THE ROPE TALT AFTER A STEER HAS BEEN ROPED. THE WORD 'DALEY' COMES FROM THE SPANISH DALE, MEANING 'A TURN.'



GOOD ROPES ARE VERY NECESSARY FOR PROFESSIONAL RODEO RIDERS FOR USE IN THE 'CALF-ROPE' CONTEST, AND, OF COURSE, IN THE THOUSAND AND ONE CHORES OUT ON THE OPEN RANGE. A LARIAT HAS OFTEN BEEN CALLED A COWBOY'S 'LONG HAND.'



Roundup

LIKE THE LASSO, THE COWBOY'S OTHER EQUIPMENT IS DESIGNED FOR EVERYDAY EFFICIENCY. HIS CHAPS PROTECT HIS LEVIS-OR TROUSERS- AGAINST CACTUS THORNS OR UNDERBRUSH...



HIS SPEECH? AS WESTERN AS THE CACTUS! FOR INSTANCE, HIS 'HOOSIEGO' FOR JAIL IS DERIVED FROM THE SPANISH 'LUGGARO'. THE TERM 'JUG' FOR JAIL ALSO COMES FROM THIS WORD...



THE COWBOY CALLS A STEER 'LOCO' WHEN IT HAS EATEN OF THE LOCO WEED. IT HAS BECOME SYNONOMOUS WITH CRAZY IN OUR EVERYDAY LANGUAGE...

THE COWBOY CALLS A STEER 'LOCO' WHEN IT HAS EATEN OF THE LOCO WEED. IT HAS BECOME SYNONOMOUS WITH CRAZY IN OUR EVERYDAY LANGUAGE...

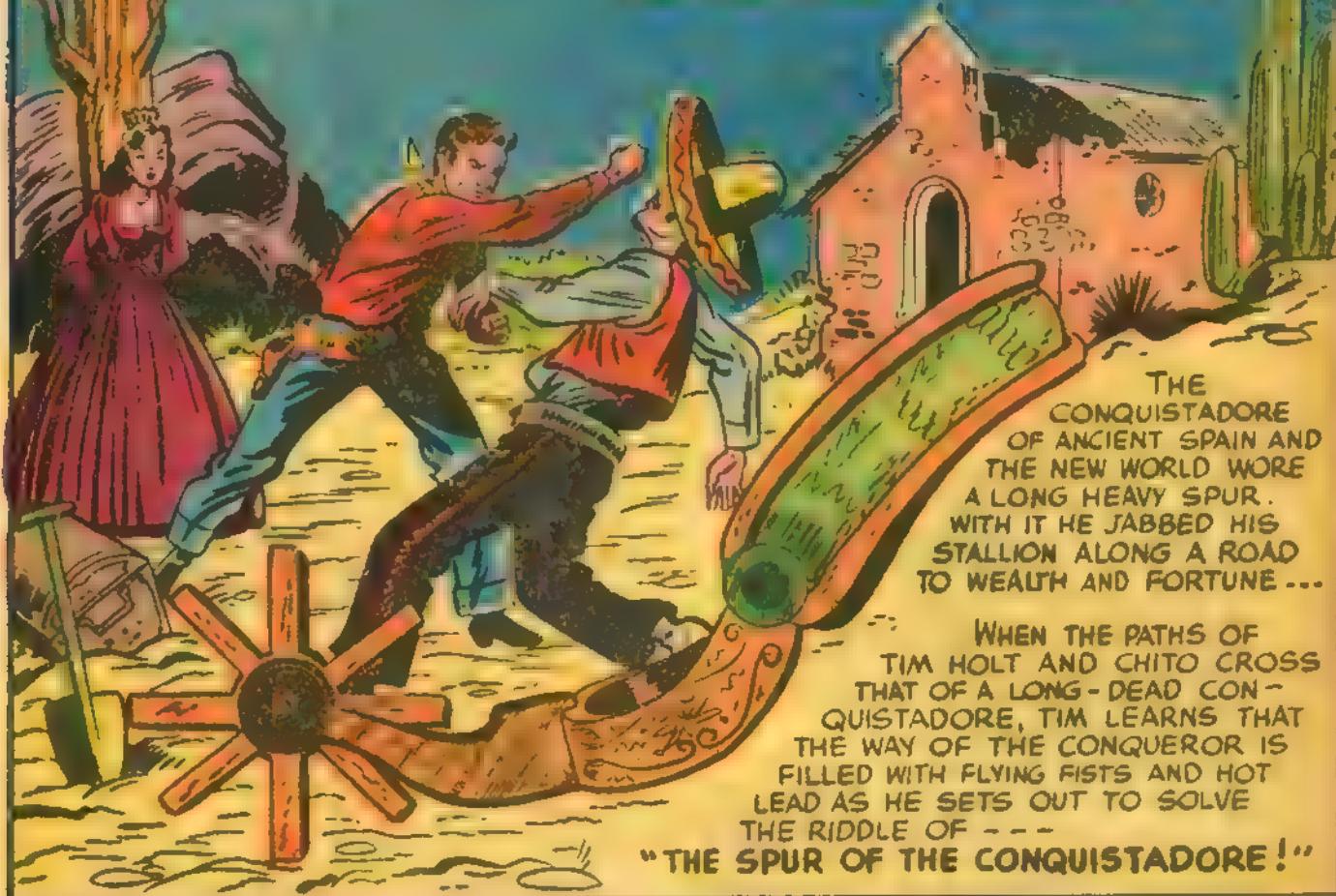


HIS HAT, WITH ITS WIDE, BROAD BRIM, ACTS AS AN UMBRELLA IN THE RAIN AND A SUN-SHADE IN THE BLISTERING SOUTHWEST HEAT THAT OFTEN RISES TO 120°...

BOYS AND GIRLS, WHY NOT WRITE IN AND LET OUR BOSS-MAN KNOW WHAT YOU'D LIKE TO LEARN ABOUT WESTERN CUSTOMS, ANIMALS AND PLANTS? SEND IN YOUR FAVORITES AND I'LL TRY AND GET THEM RIGHT HERE ON THESE PAGES FOR YOU IN OUR ROUNDUP!



TIM HOLT

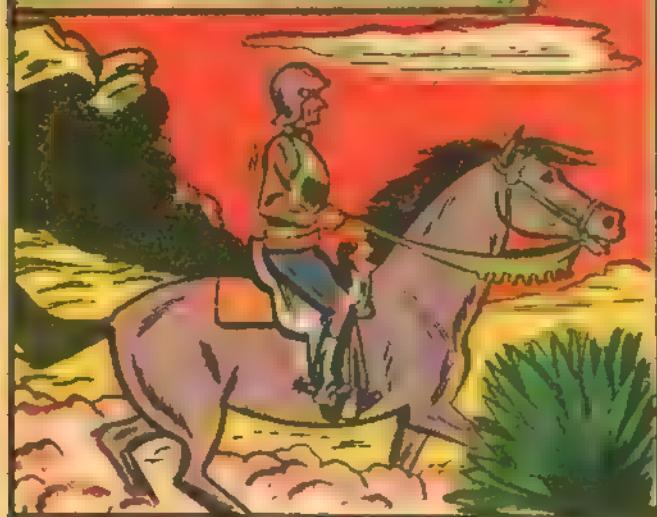


THE CONQUISTADORE OF ANCIENT SPAIN AND THE NEW WORLD WORE A LONG HEAVY SPUR. WITH IT HE JABBED HIS STALLION ALONG A ROAD TO WEALTH AND FORTUNE ...

WHEN THE PATHS OF TIM HOLT AND CHITO CROSS THAT OF A LONG-DEAD CONQUISTADORE, TIM LEARNS THAT THE WAY OF THE CONQUEROR IS FILLED WITH FLYING FISTS AND HOT LEAD AS HE SETS OUT TO SOLVE THE RIDDLE OF ---

"THE SPUR OF THE CONQUISTADORE!"

THE CURTAIN OF THE PAST SEEMS TO LIFT FOR A BRIEF MOMENT ON THE SUN-BAKED PLAINS OF ARIZONA ---



SUDDENLY A WINCHESTER .44-40 ROARS AND BUCKS!

RECKON THAT OUGHT TO TAKE CARE OF YUH, DON MIGUEL ... !

BAMMM!



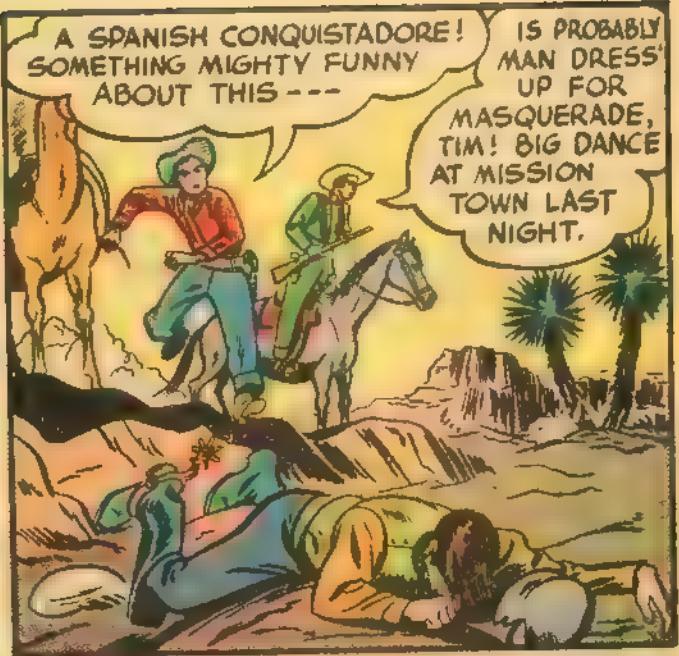
A FEW HUNDRED YARDS AWAY TIM HOLT REINS IN LIGHTNING ---

SEÑOR TIM! A RIFLE SHOT!

IT CAME OVER THAT ARROYO TO THE LEFT. LET'S RIDE, CHITO...!

A SPANISH CONQUISTADORE! SOMETHING MIGHTY FUNNY ABOUT THIS ---

IS PROBABLY MAN DRESS' UP FOR MASQUERADE, TIM! BIG DANCE AT MISSION TOWN LAST NIGHT.



I KNOW THAT. BUT LOOK, AT THIS -- HIS SPUR IS GONE. YET, HE WORE ONE, JUDGING FROM THE MARKS ON THE BOOT!

MONEY-BELT UNTouched! RINGS ON HIS FINGERS STILL THERE. CHITO, THIS WASN'T A KILLING FOR ROBBERY... UNLESS THERE WAS SOMETHING ABOUT THAT SPUR THAT MADE IT WORTH MURDERING FOR!

WE'LL TRACK HIS HORSE!

HIS HORSE WILL RETURN TO HOME CORRAL, YOU BET.



LESS THAN TWO HOURS LATER, IN THE SHADED PATIO OF AN OLD SPANISH HACIENDA ---

IT MUST HAVE BEEN MY BROTHER MIGUEL! HE WAS AT THE DANCE LAST NIGHT. AND THE SPUR --- HE MUST HAVE FOUND THE SPUR OUR FAMILY DIARY TELLS ABOUT ---!

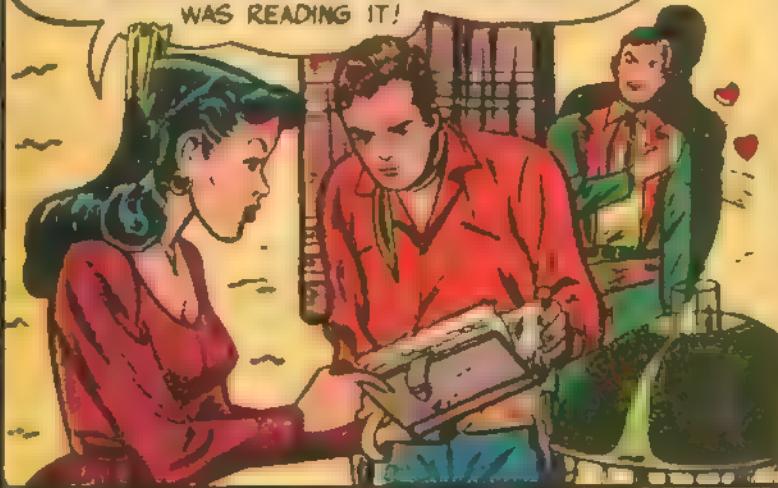
BE REST ASSURANCE, GRACIOUS SEÑORITA, THAT CHITO JOSE GONZALES BUSTAMONTE RAFFERTY WILL NOT REST' UNTIL HE HAVE BROUGHT THIS KILLER OF YOUR BROTHER TO JUSTICE!



HERE IS THE DIARY, SEÑOR HOLT. IT TELLS OF AN OLD FAMILY TREASURE HIDDEN IN THE MISSION RUINS WHEN THE APACHES ATTACKED OUR FIRST SPANISH SETTLEMENT! MY BROTHER WAS VERY EXCITED THE OTHER DAY WHEN HE WAS READING IT!

HE FOUND AN OLD SPUR IN THE ATTIC. HE TOLD ME THAT WITH IT HE WOULD BE ABLE TO RESTORE THE FAMILY FORTUNES! POOR MIGUEL ---

-SOB-



A FEW HOURS LATER,
IN CHOLLA CITY ---

AS CHITO BRUSHES AGAINST
A PASSING COWHAND ON THE
BOARD WALK ---

WATCH WHERE
YUH'RE WALKIN',
YUH —

LOOK
OUT,
CHITO!



TIM'S HAND FLASHES JAW-WARDS! —
LANDS WITH JARRING FORCE!

LET'S TEACH THEM RANNIES
TO KEEP THEIR NOSES OUT
OF OTHER FOLKS' BUSINESS!

BEHIND
YOU,
CHITO!



TALKING ABOUT NOSES, HERE'S WHERE YOU LAND ON YOURS!

GLOPPFF!

UGGGH!



CHITO REELS, FALLS!
TIM DROPS TO ONE KNEE-

CHITO! ARE
YOU ALL RIGHT?

THE SEEX-GUN,
SHE IS SURELY ONE
SO-TOUGH HOMBRE!
OOOOGH, MY HEAD!

NO REASON
FOR THOSE
THREE TO
JUMP US -
THAT SPUR IN
THAT MAN'S
POCKET CUT YOU...
SPUR...?!

THAT MAY HAVE BEEN THE
SPUR OF THE
CONQUISTADORE THAT
DON MIGUEL WAS
ROBBED OF. HURRY
UP, CHITO!



MY LEGS SAY
HURRY BUT MY
HEAD SAY LIE
DOWN! WHAT
ABOUT THE STOCK
FOR BREED?

THE BREEDING STOCK CAN WAIT!
WE'RE GOING AFTER THOSE HOMBRES
PRONTO! JUDGING FROM THEIR DUST,
THEY'RE HEADED TOWARD THE
ESPERADO HACIENDA!

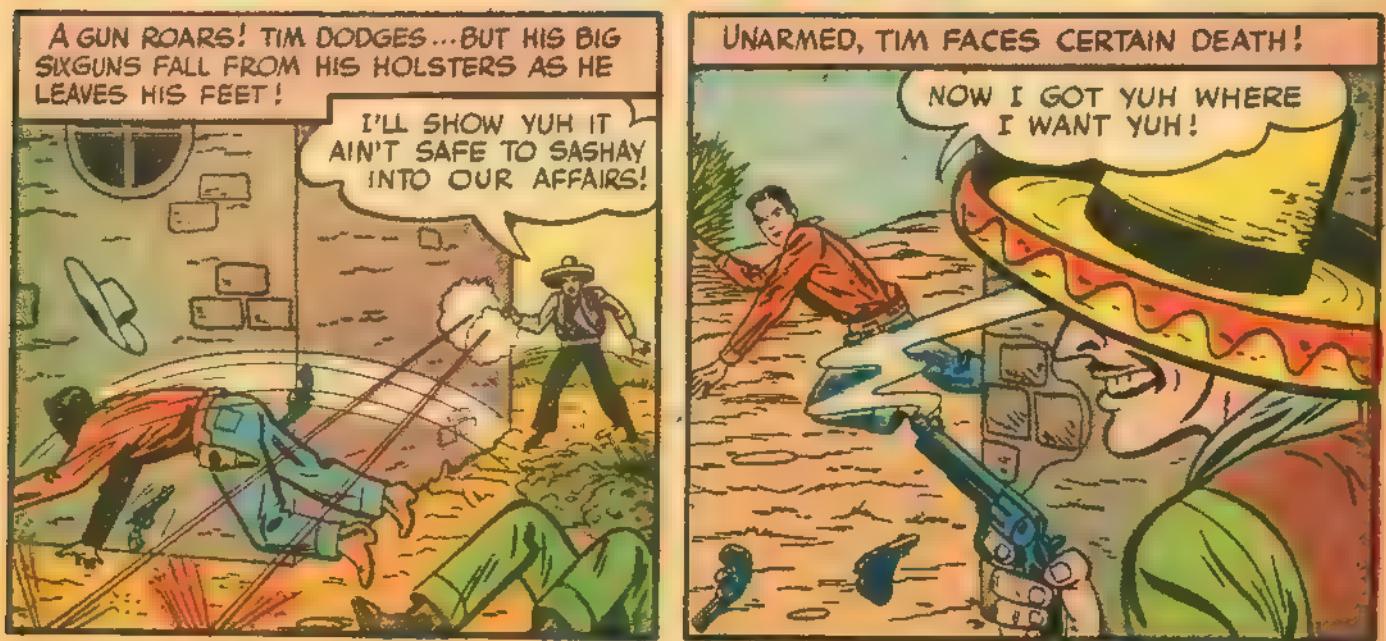
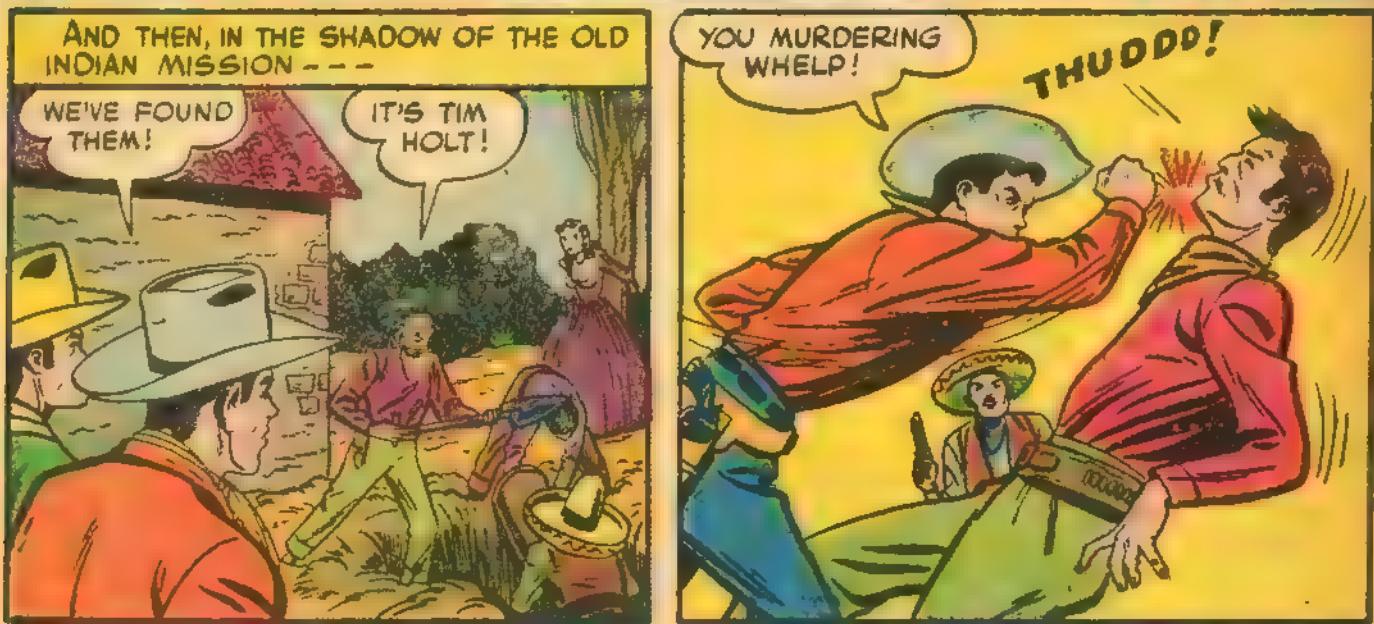
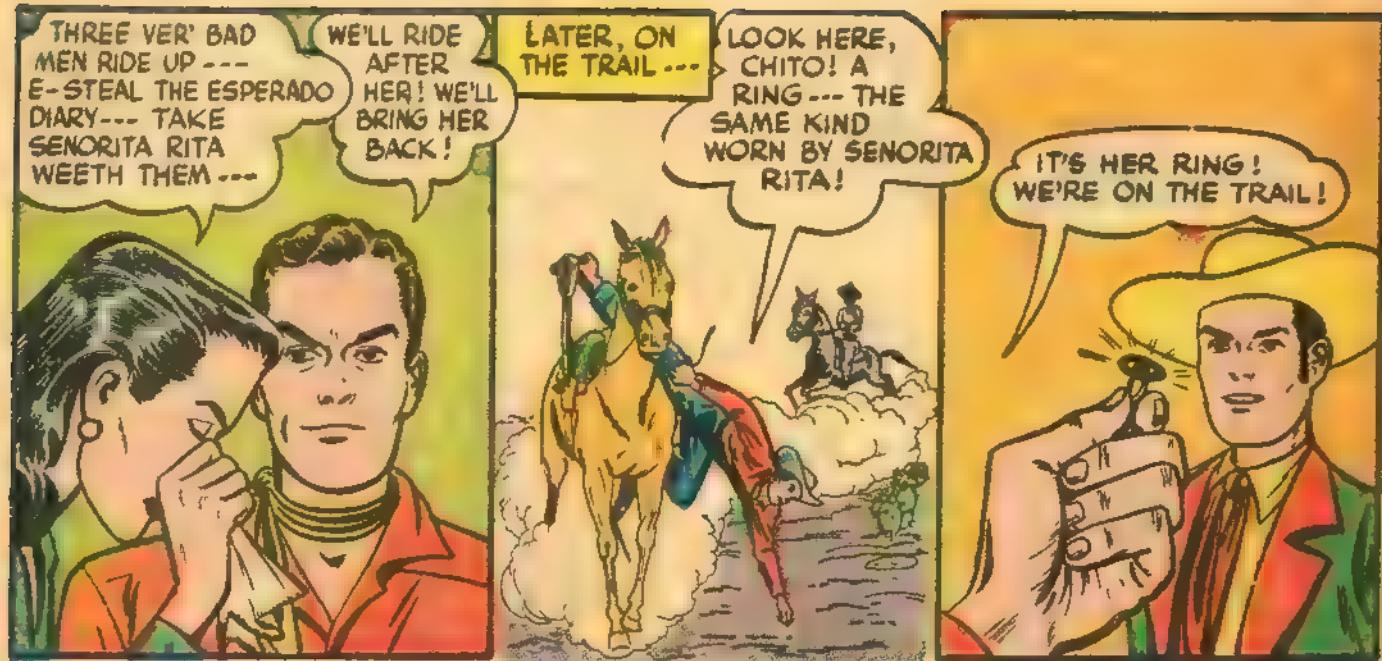


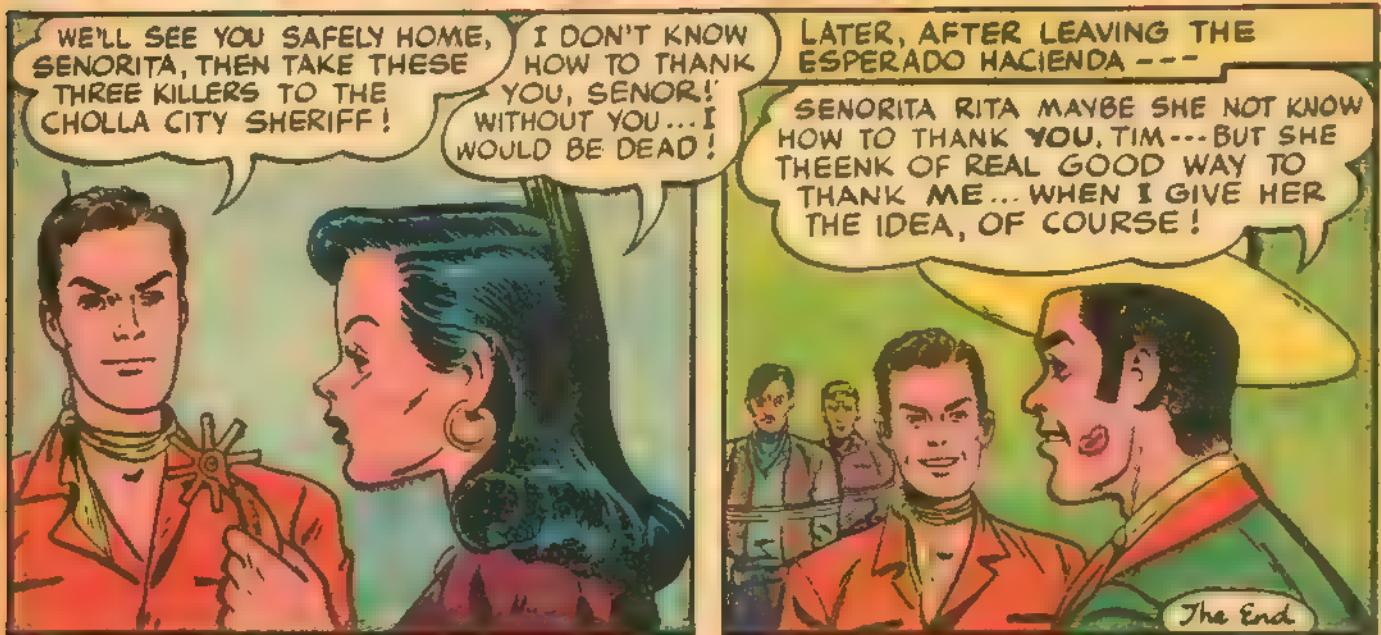
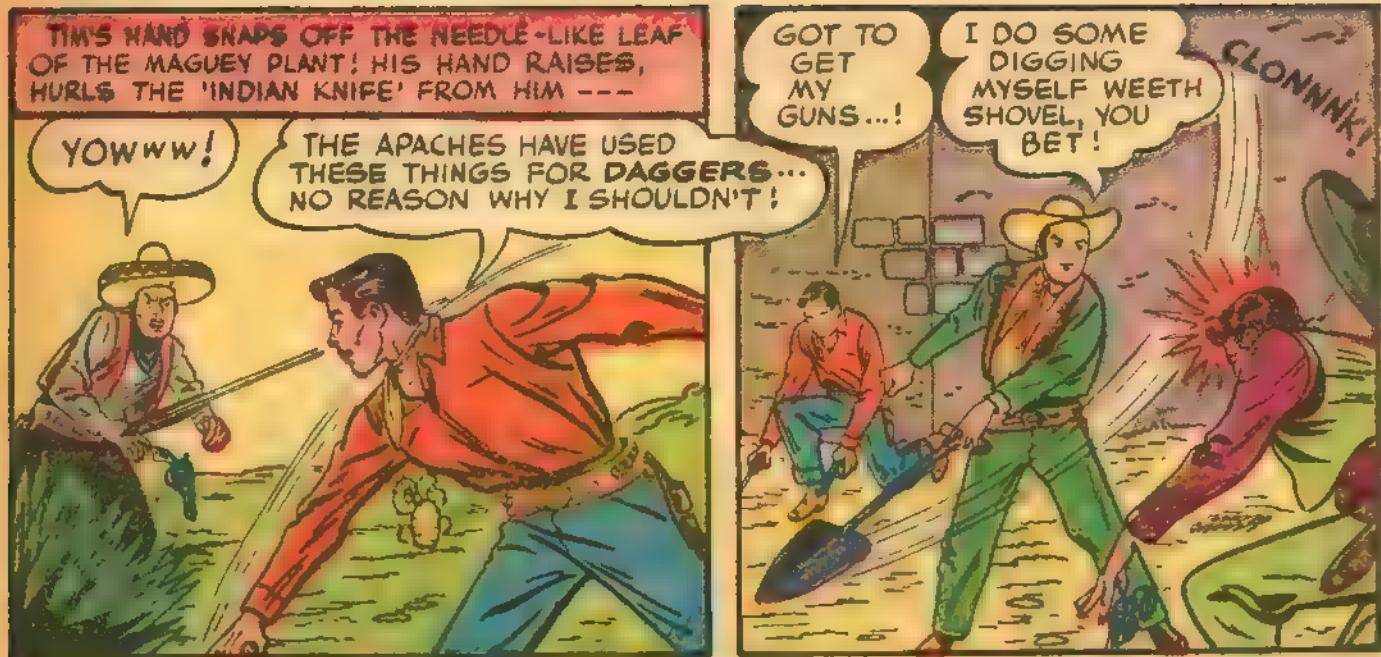
A FEW HOURS LATER ---

IT'S THE ESPERADO
MAID! WHAT HAPPENED?
WHERE IS SENORITA
RITA?

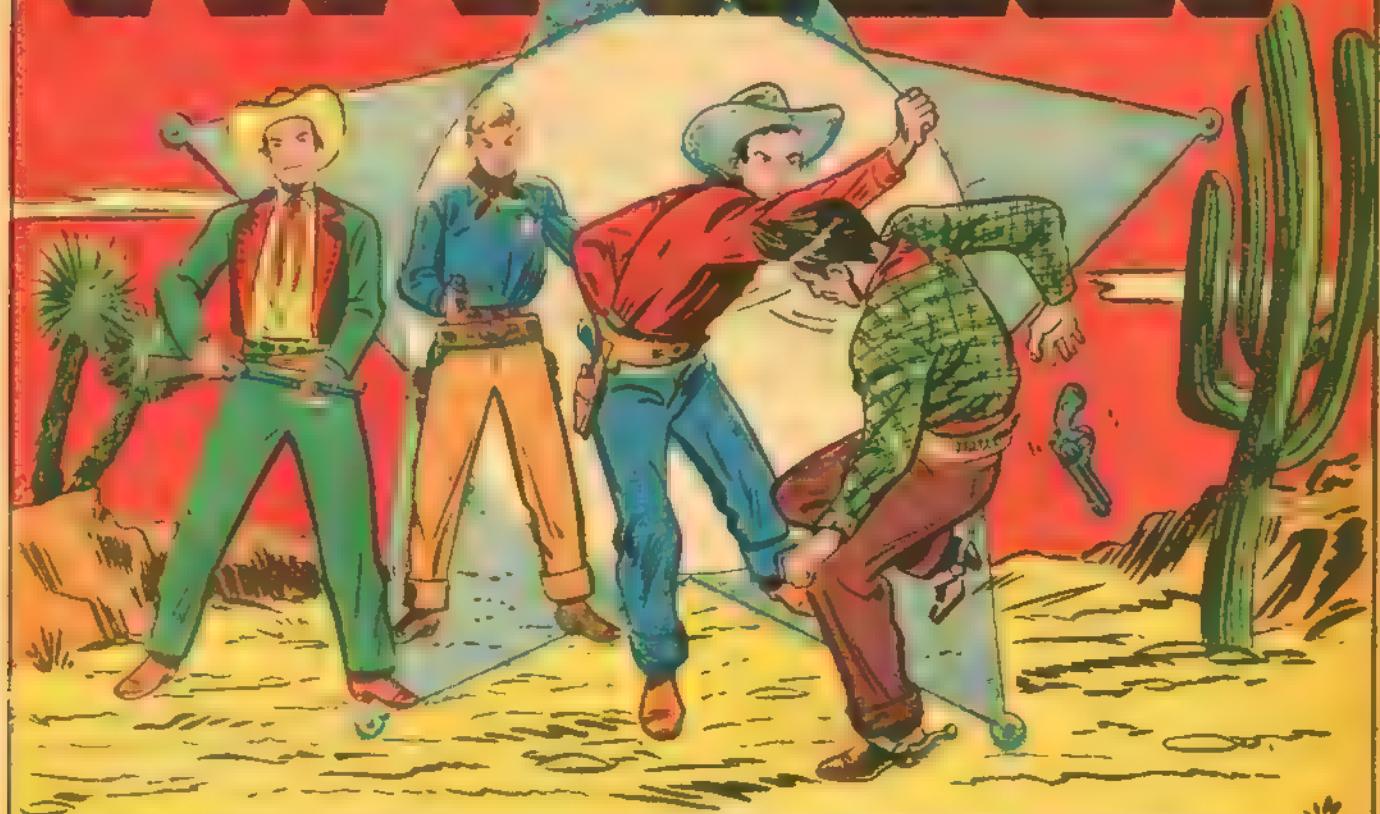
SOB-SOB-







TIM HOLT



THE SHERIFF'S BADGE IS THE SYMBOL OF LAW AND ORDER OF THE WESTERN FRONTIER. IT TAKES A REAL MAN TO WEAR IT - A MAN WHO PUTS THAT BADGE ABOVE EVERYTHING ELSE!

WHEN TIM HOLT FOUND SHERIFF ZANE MORTALLY WOUNDED, HE HAD TO PLUNGE INTO AN INFERNO OF BULLET AND BANDITS IN ORDER TO COME UP WITH —
“THE SHERIFF OF RAIL'S END!”

SOMEWHERE ON THE VAST EXPANSE OF THE TONTO BASIN A MAN SOBS OUT HIS LIFE IN HOARSE WHISPERS ---

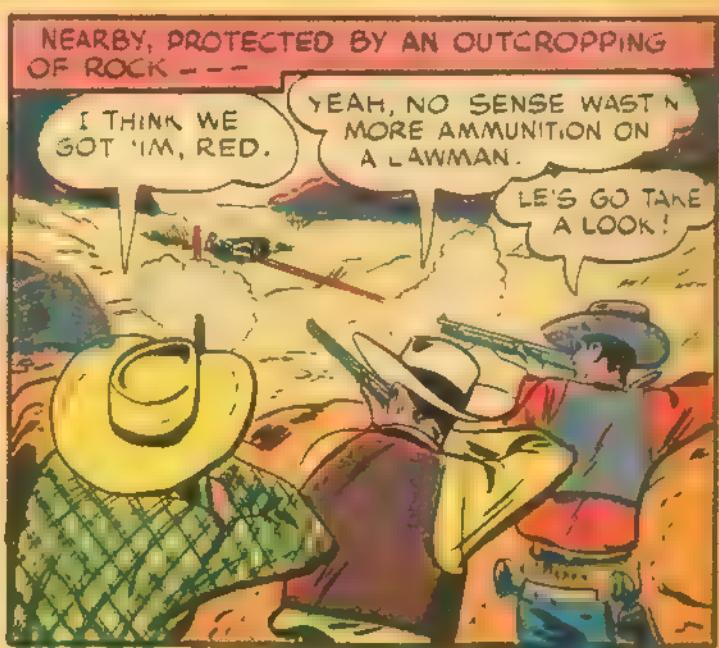
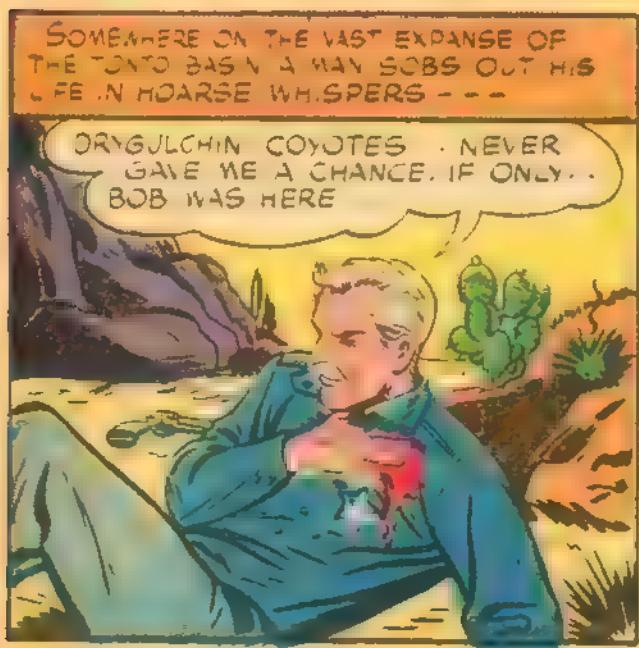
DRY GULCHIN COYOTES . NEVER GAVE ME A CHANCE. IF ONLY... BOB WAS HERE

NEARBY, PROTECTED BY AN OUTCROPPING OF ROCK ---

I THINK WE GOT 'IM, RED.

YEAH, NO SENSE WASTIN' MORE AMMUNITION ON A LAWMAN.

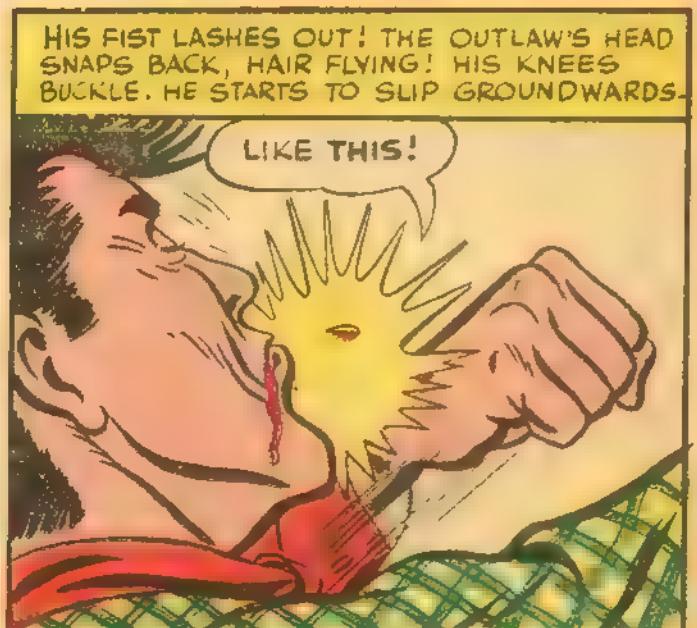
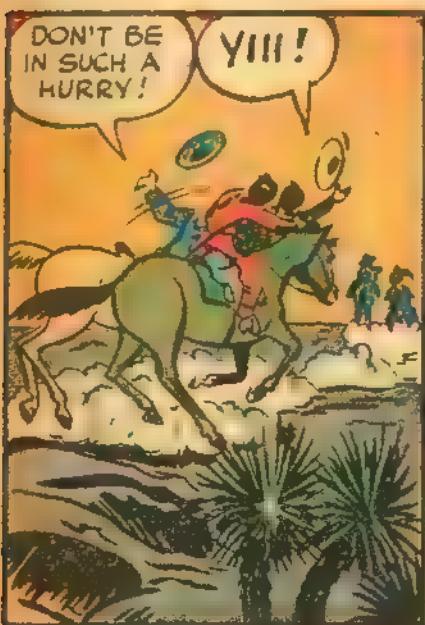
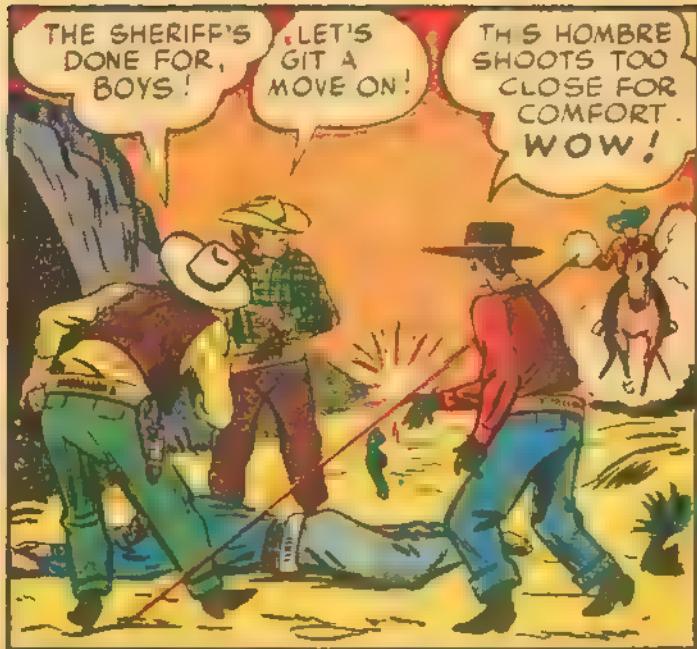
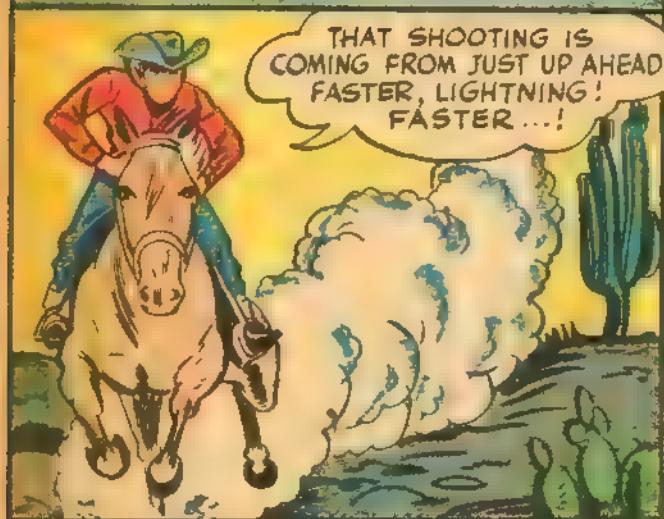
LE'S GO TAKE A LOOK!

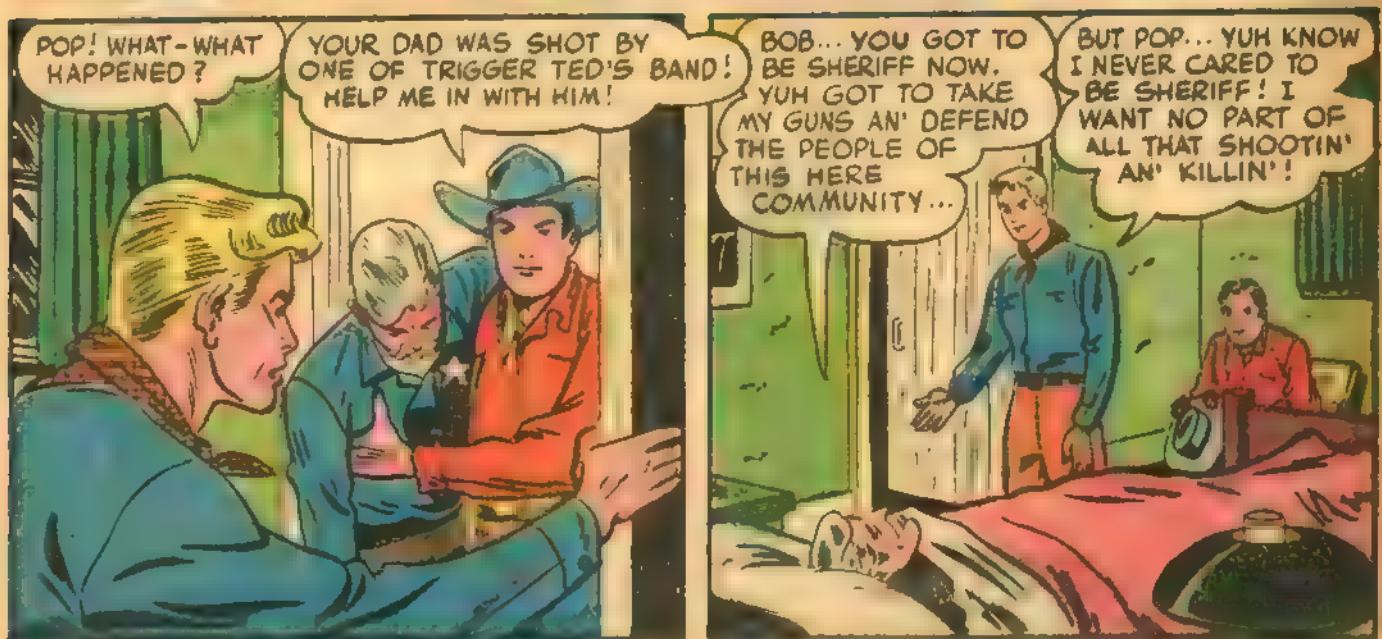
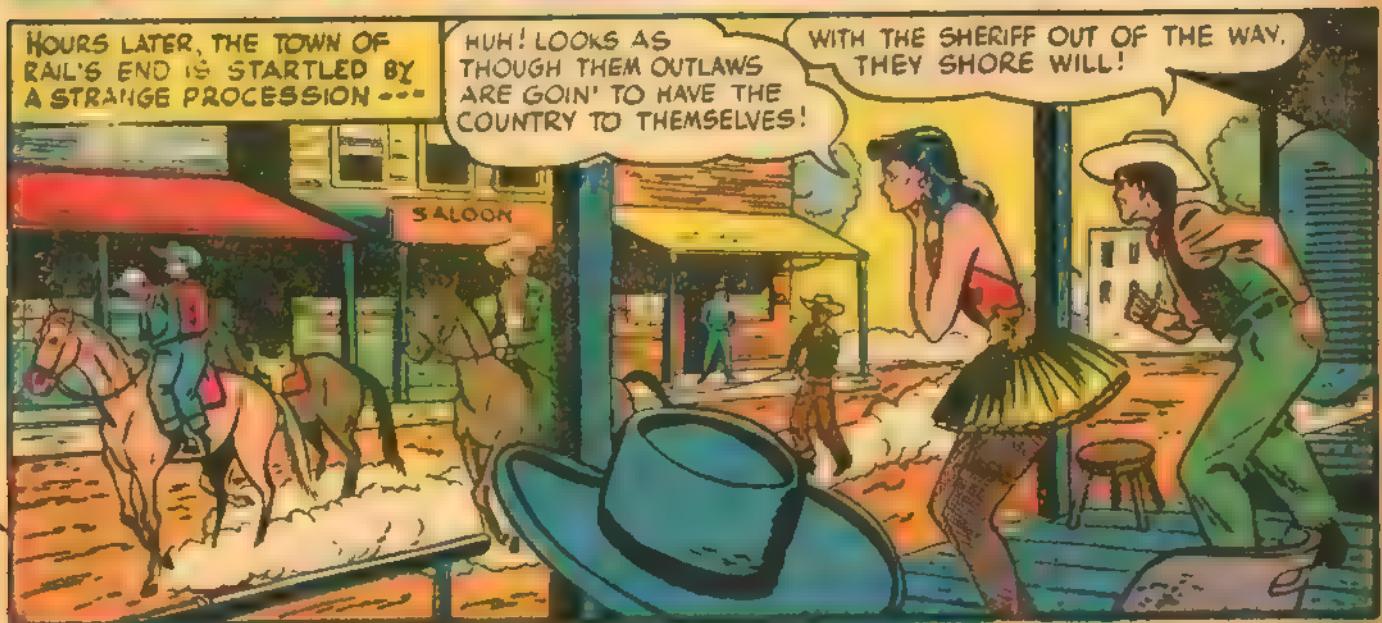
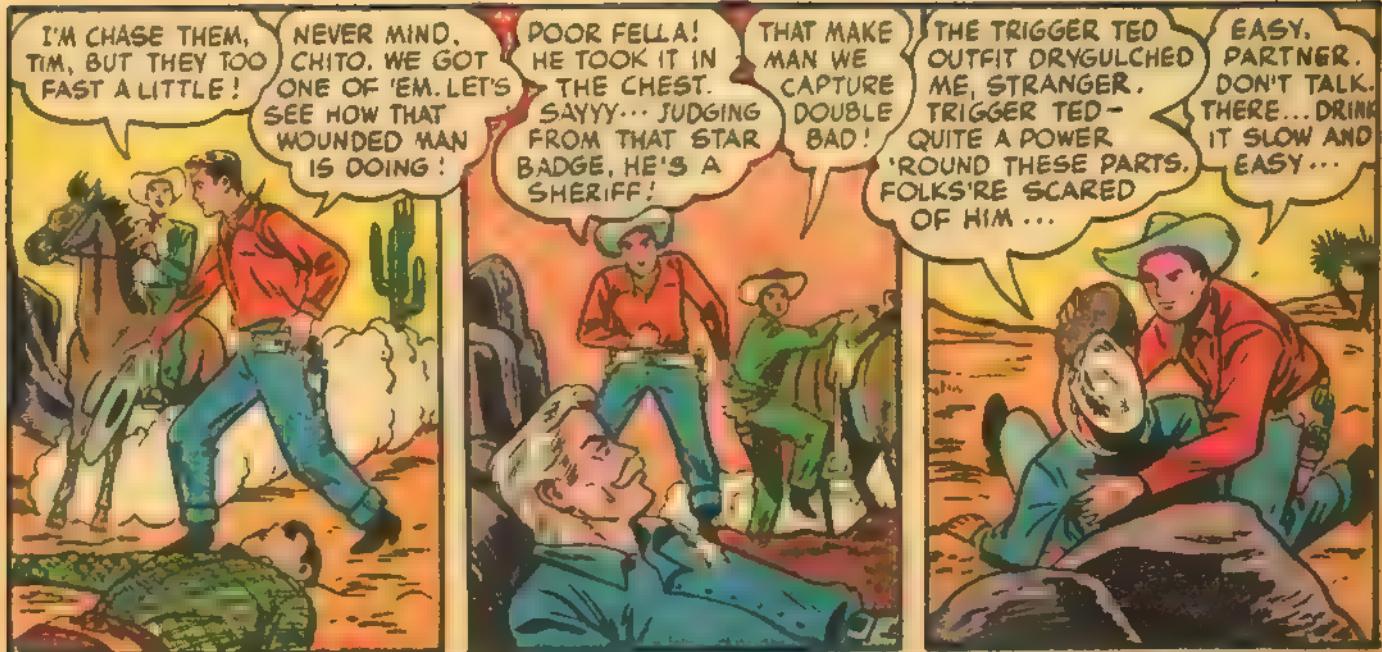


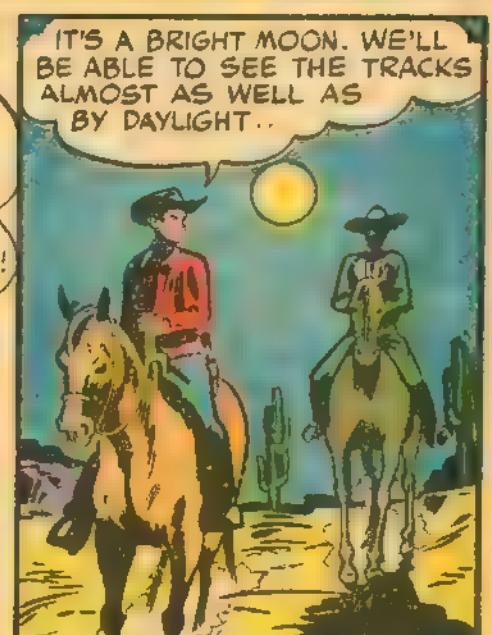
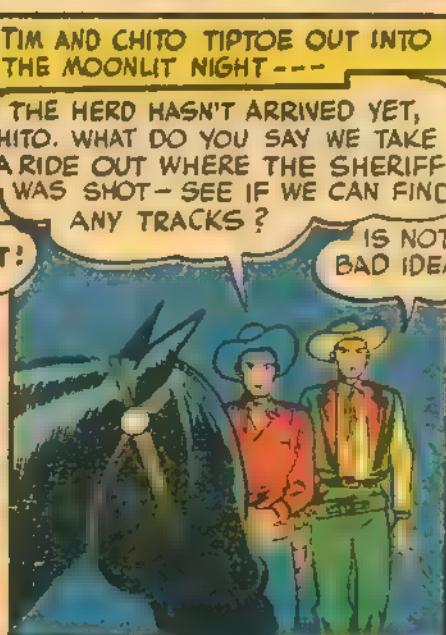
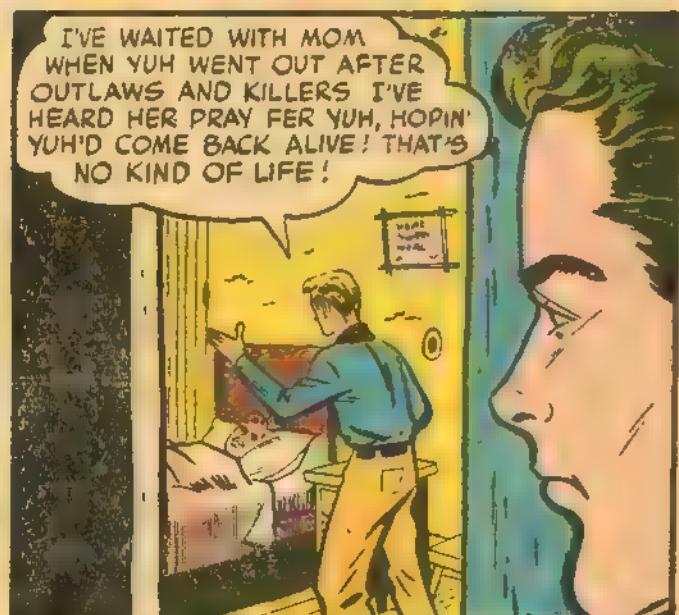
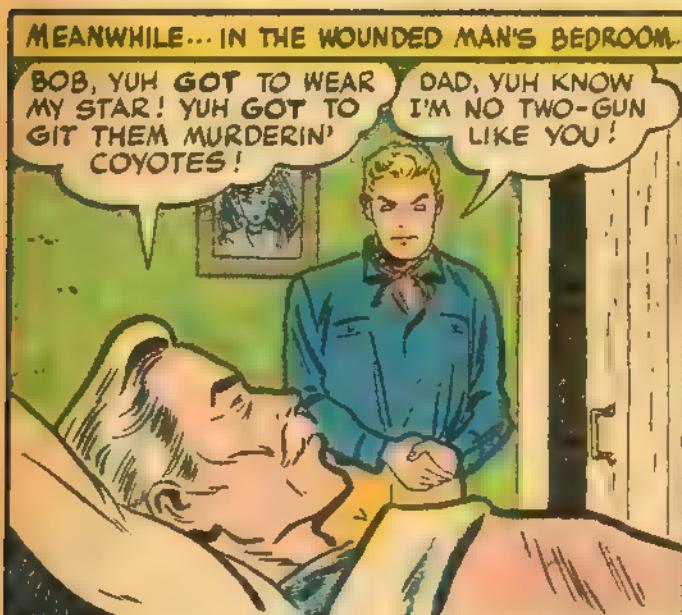
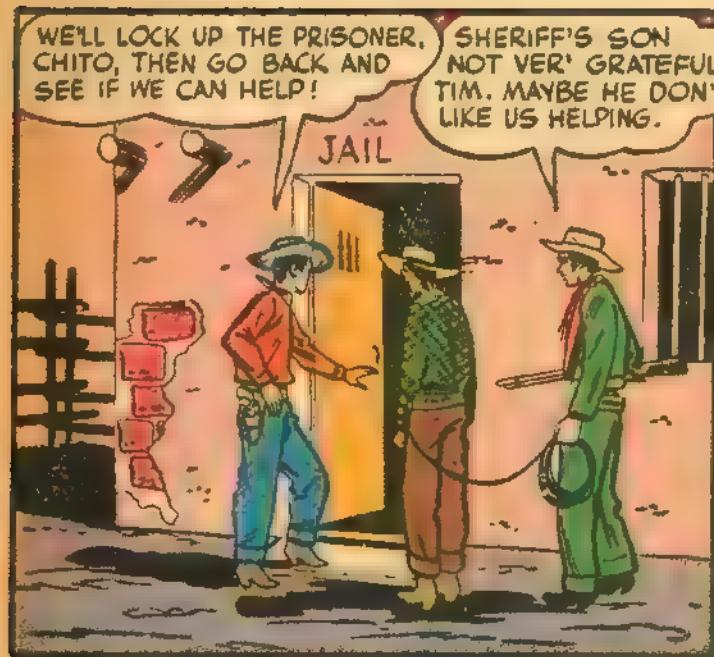
LESS THAN A MILE AWAY, TIM HOLT BENDS FORWARD OVER THE GREAT GOLDEN STALLION, LIGHTNING. THE WIND DRUMS IN HIS EARS AS HE URGES THE PALOMINO TO GREATER SPEED ---

THAT SHOOTING IS COMING FROM JUST UP AHEAD. FASTER, LIGHTNING! FASTER ...!

THE SHERIFF'S DONE FOR, BOYS! LET'S GIT A MOVE ON! THIS HOMBRE SHOOTS TOO CLOSE FOR COMFORT. WOW!







THE FIRST PALE RAYS OF
DAWN FIND TIM AND CHITO AT
THE BASE OF AN ARIZONA
CLIFF DWELLING ---

THIS WOULD
MAKE A NICE
OUTLAW HIDEOUT,
WOULDN'T IT? ROOMS...
SAFETY FROM
SURPRISE . . .

EES
PERFECT,
TIM. BUT
'OW WE
MAKE
SURE?

BY HIDING AND WAITING
AND WATCHING. ARE THE
HORSES WELL-HIDDEN?

I'M BETCHA! EVEN HORSE-
FLY COULDN'T BE FOR
TO FIND THEM.



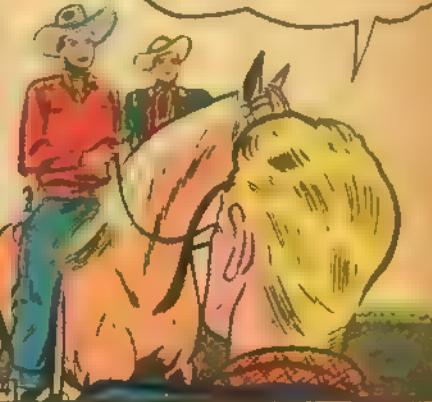
THE HOT WESTERN SUN RISES
AND BAKES THE LAND. SLOWLY
IT DESCENDS, GROWS RED
AND SULLEN. AND THEN ---

THERE THEY ARE, WE GO
CHITO. THE WHOLE BUNCH OF
THEM!

WE SEE IF
HE WANT TO COME
BACK HERE -
AS SHERIFF!

NEXT DAY, BACK AT RAIL'S END-

HOW'S YOUR DAD, NOT SO
GOOD, TIM.
RECKON HE - HE'S
TAKIN' HIS LAST
RIDE MIGHTY SOON.



I'VE A HUNCH HE'D LI
IF YOU WERE TO PIN
THAT STAR-BADGE
ON YOUR
SHIRT'

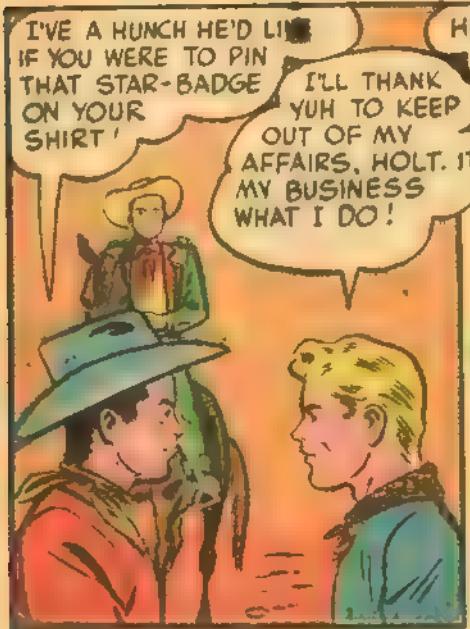
I'LL THANK
YUH TO KEEP
OUT OF MY
AFFAIRS, HOLT. IT'S
MY BUSINESS
WHAT I DO!

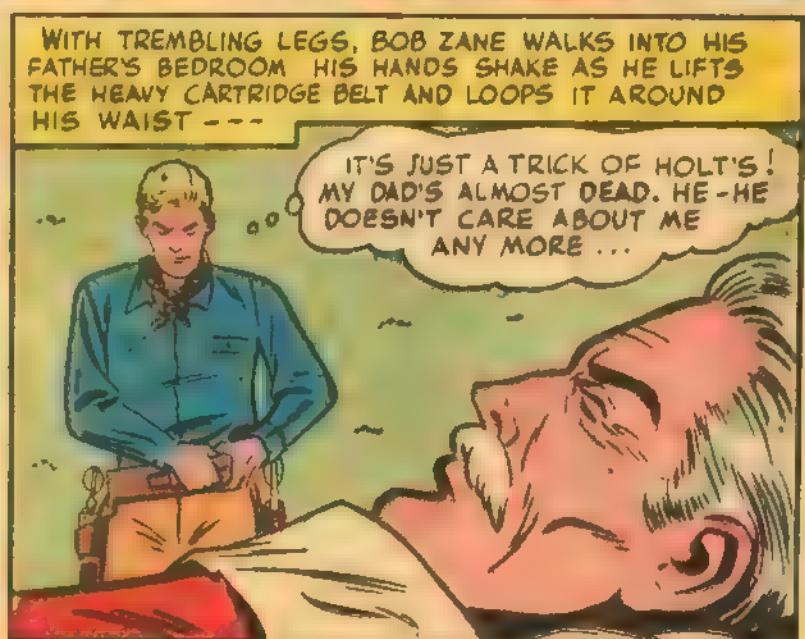
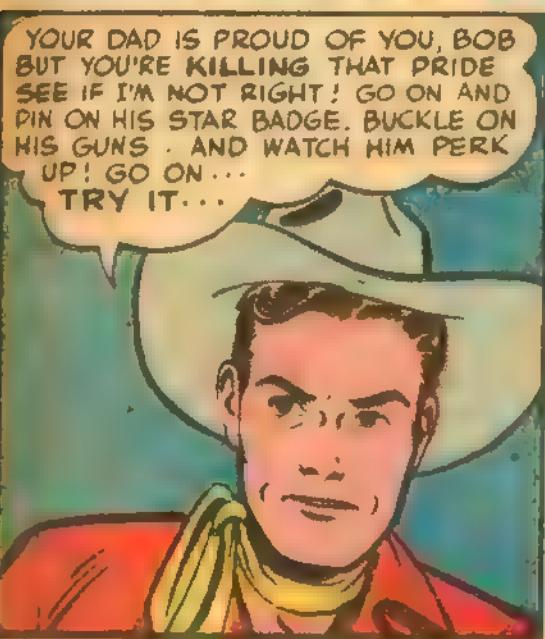
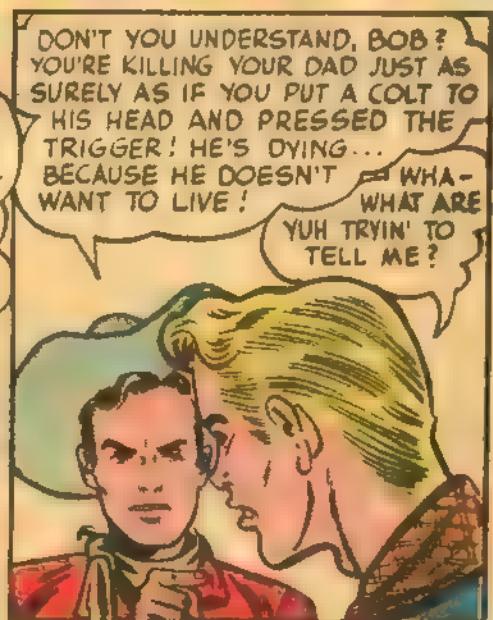
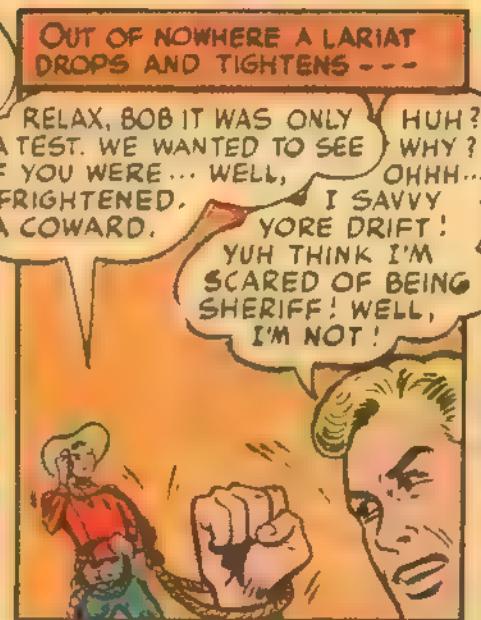
HIS DAD DYING OF
A BROKEN
HEART AND
HE DOESN'T
CARE!

I'M THEENK
HIM SCARE!
I'M GOOD IDEA
I'M BE FIND OUT
IF HE IS EE-SCARE'
OR NOT!

OF COURSE
I'LL
MARRY
YOU,
BOB.

EVERONE'S
SAYING I'M SCARED
HELEN! I'M NOT
SCARED IT'S JUST
THAT I REMEMBER
MOM - AN' I DON'T
WANT YOU TO BE
PRAYIN' LIKE THAT
FOR ME!





AND THEN AS BOB LIFTS THE
LITTLE NICKLE BADGE ---

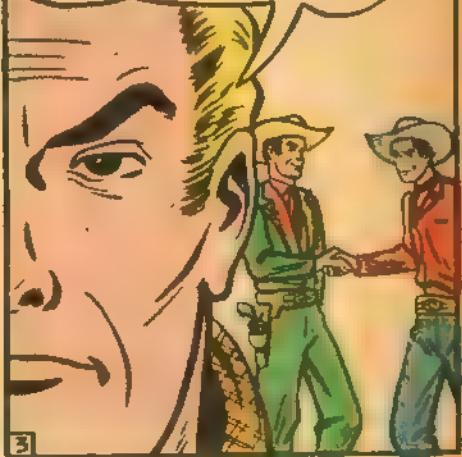
BOB! IS THAT
REALLY YOU?
PUTTIN' MY GUNS
ON? AN' MY
MY BADGE?

YEAH, POP.
IT'S ME. I-
I'M HITTIN'
THE LAW
TRAIL FOR
YUH, POP. ME
AN' TIM HOLT
AN' CHITO...

I KNEW YUH'D DO IT, BOB.
GOOD BOY! I'M PROUD OF
YUH - SO PROUD I FEEL
LIKE GITTIN' UP AN'
DOIN' A JIG!

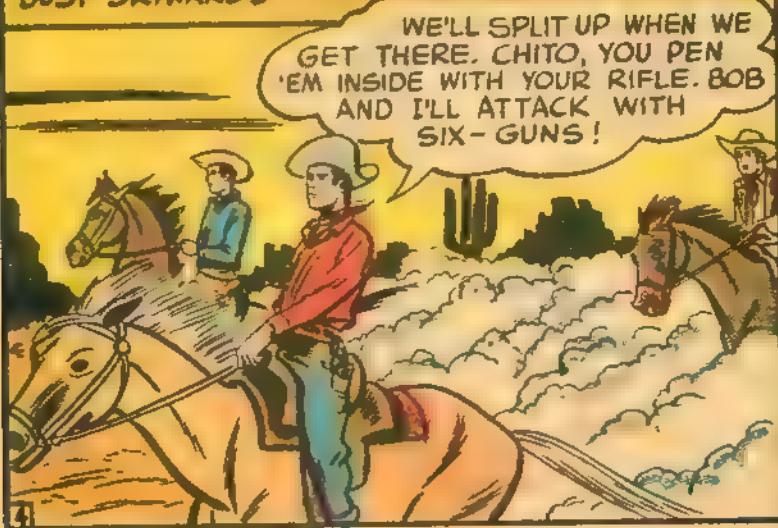
GULP.

YUH WERE RIGHT, TIM! LET'S
HIGHTAIL IT TO THEM CLIFF
DWELLIN'S! I'LL SHOW THEM
MURDERIN' COYOTES THEY
CAN'T GUN MY POP DOWN
AN' GIT AWAY WITH IT!



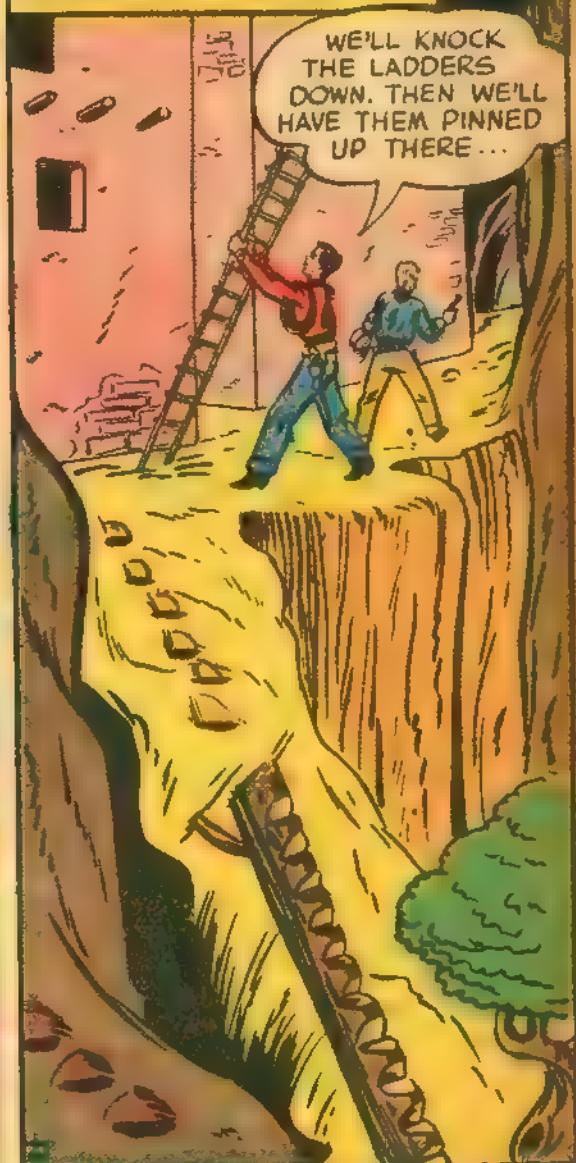
ACROSS THE PLAINS THE THUNDERING HOOF-
BEATS OF THREE POWERFUL HORSES POUND
DUST SKYWARDS ---

WE'LL SPLIT UP WHEN WE
GET THERE. CHITO, YOU PEN
'EM INSIDE WITH YOUR RIFLE. BOB
AND I'LL ATTACK WITH
SIX-GUNS!



COLTS DRAWN AND READY, TIM AND
BOB SLIP FORWARD UNDER THE
SHADOW OF THE CLIFFS.

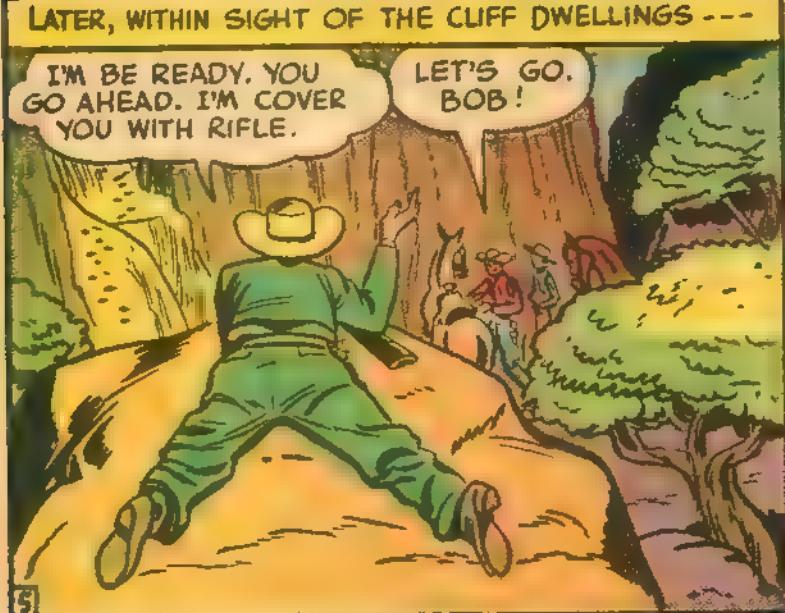
WE'LL KNOCK
THE LADDERS
DOWN. THEN WE'LL
HAVE THEM PINNED
UP THERE...



LATER, WITHIN SIGHT OF THE CLIFF DWELLINGS ---

I'M BE READY. YOU
GO AHEAD. I'M COVER
YOU WITH RIFLE.

LET'S GO,
BOB!





THEY DROP LIKE PLUMMETS FROM ABOVE - LAND ON HIGHEELED BOOTS, GUNS OUT AND FLAMING HOT LEAD!



A SHORT, VIOLENT BATTLE AND TIM'S GUNS LEAP WITH LIGHTNING-LIKE SPEED INTO HIS HANDS AND THE FIGHT IS OVER!



BOB, THE CRISIS HAS PASSED
YOUR DAD WILL BE A WELL MAN
IN A FEW WEEKS. BUT HE
CAN'T DO ANY MORE SHERIFFIN'!

NO NEED
FOR HIM
TO, DOC

RAIL'S END HAS ITSELF A NEW
SHERIFF - ME! THANKS TO MY
GOOD PALS, TIM HOLT AND CHITO
JOSE GONZALEZ BUSTAMONTE
RAFFERTY!





IN THIS SCENE from the soon-to-be-released picture, *Guns of Hate*, Tim Holt and his movie partner, Chito Jose Gonzalez Bustamonte Rafferty (in real life, Richard Martin), come across the body of a murdered man on the trail. From this point on, the action gets fast and furious!

Tim is no stranger to fast and furious action. He enlisted in the Army Air Force on April 14, 1942, became a bombardier, and was retained as an instructor until July 8, 1943, when he was ordered to the Marine Air Corps training station at El Centro, California. There he set up the high-level bombardier training school for the Marine Corps. He was transferred to the Bureau of Naval Aeronautics while the school was in operation and worked for the Marine Corps and Navy until September 10, 1944.

His request for overseas service brought him over the oil fields of Japan on May 10, 1945 as a bombardier in a B-29. Tim flew twenty-two missions in the big ships, the last one on the day that the Japs surrendered. He was aboard a badly shot-up plane when word of the surrender was flashed to the world, and did not know whether or not they would get back to base.

Tim's ship finally made a crash landing on Guam, where investigation revealed that five and a half feet of the left wing had been shot away; there were 175 bullet and flak holes in the fuselage!

SPECTACULAR OFFER! LOOK AT THIS DEAL!

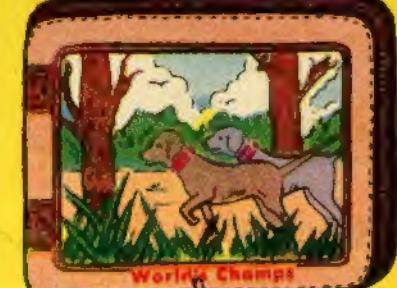
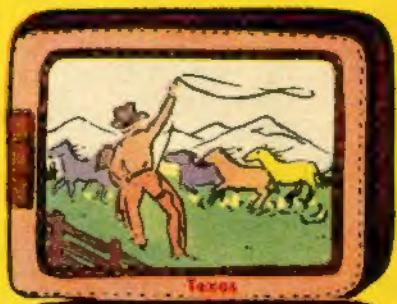
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